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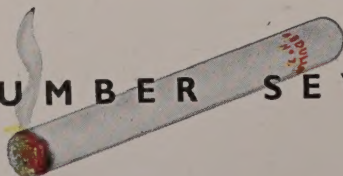
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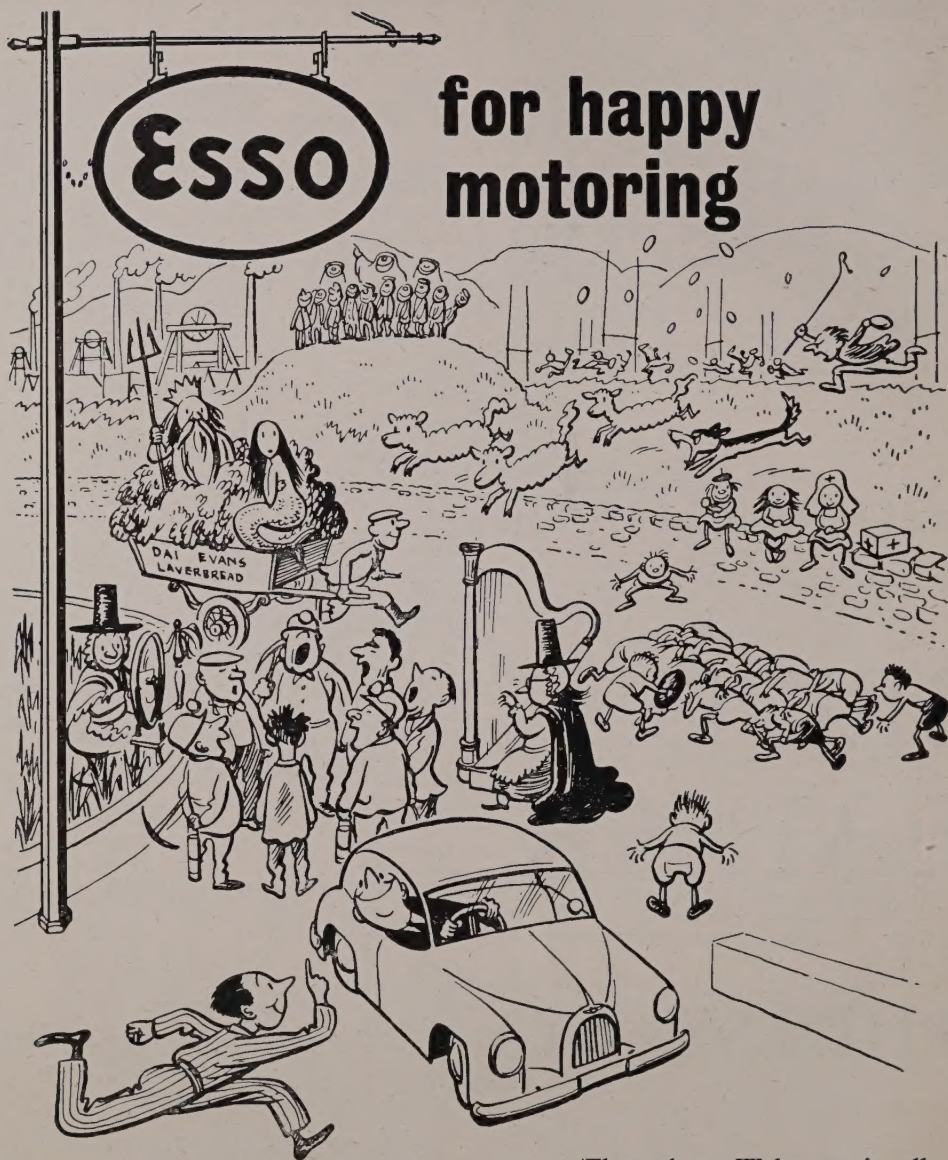
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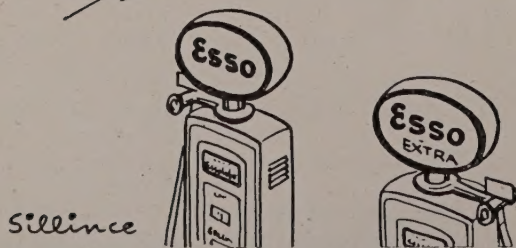
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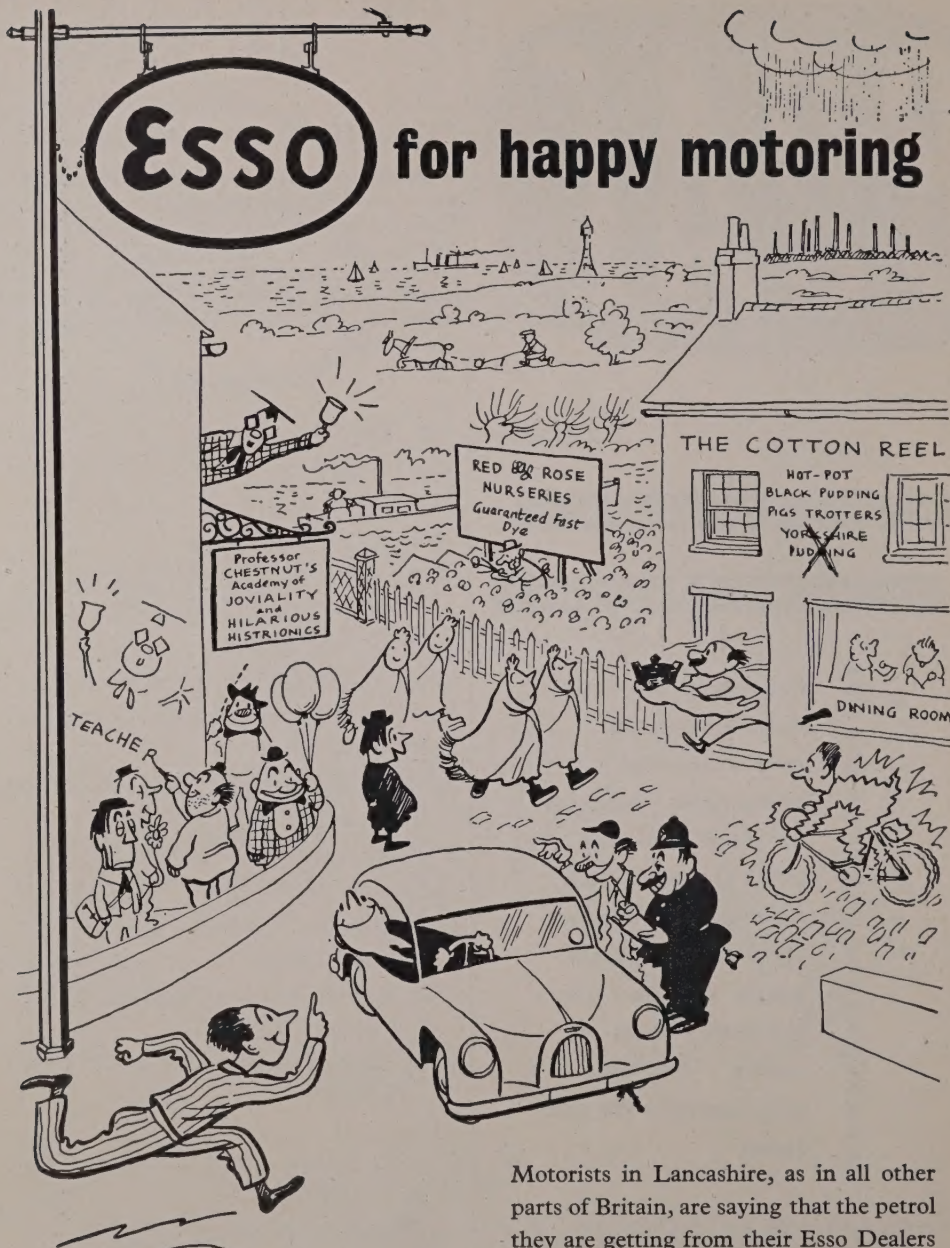
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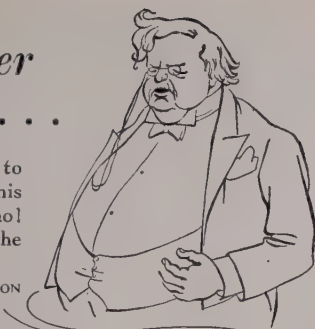


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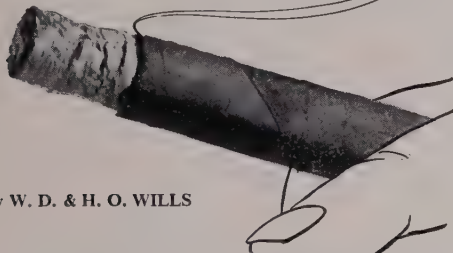
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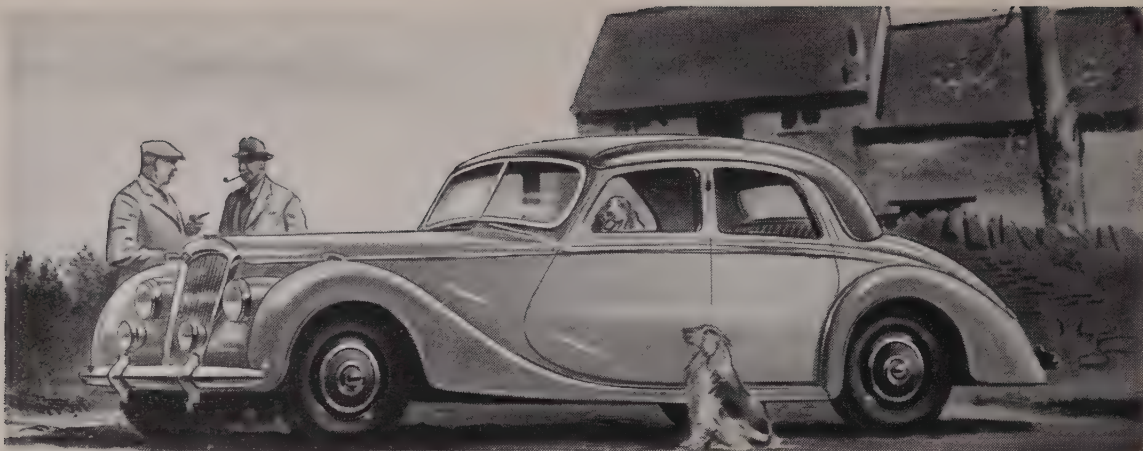
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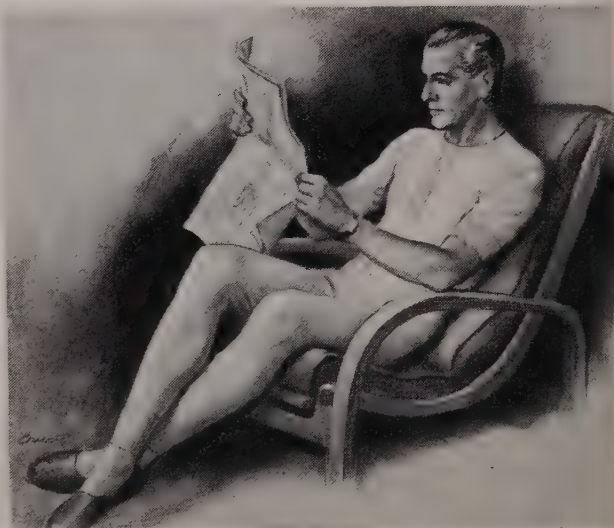


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*The Ostrich, travellers recall,
 Enjoys his Guinness glass and all.
 How sad the Guinness takes so long,
 To get to where it makes him strong!*



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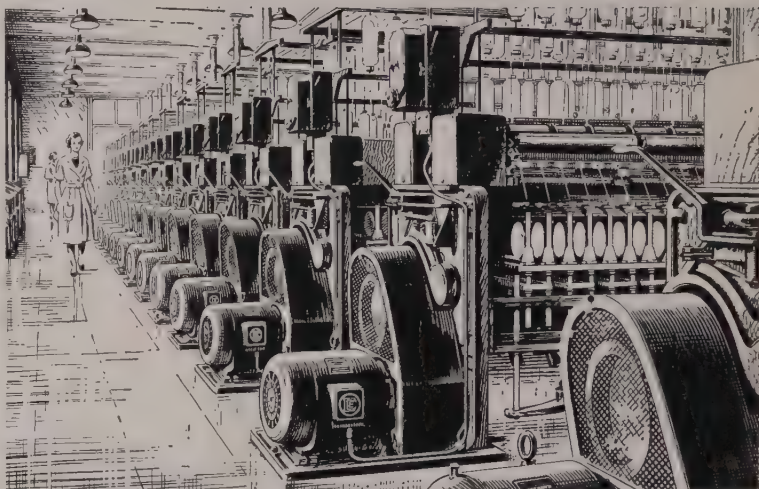
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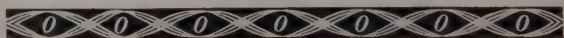
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The Basking Shark

by GAVIN MAXWELL

Harpoon at a Venture, published this month by Rupert Hart-Davis, records an attempt to exploit commercially one of the largest fish in the world, surprisingly common around our coasts, yet hitherto scarcely examined at all by scientists. The enterprise failed; but, as the following extracts show, it made possible an exciting book and a more adequate scientific examination than ever before—though a number of things about the Basking Shark are still matters of controversy

I WAS intrigued by this first adventure, and it made me curious to know more about Basking Sharks. It was only then that I began to understand that here was an unexplored field; an amazing blank upon the neatly, if superficially, filled-in map of the world's natural history. Here was the largest fish of European waters, a creature as large as any land animal in the world, and yet virtually nothing was known of it.

The herring fishermen gave me a good deal of unrecorded field natural history, but left a thousand questions unanswered. They seemed to agree that sharks had not been common in Hebridean waters before the nineteen-thirties, but for some fifteen years had seemed steadily to increase in numbers and regularity of appearance. They told me that the sharks arrived about the last week of April, usually on favoured herring-grounds well inshore on both sides of the Minch. The Soay Sound was said to be one of their favourites. They were in evidence until September, though there were some who said that they could not remember sharks in July, and others who said specifically that they always disappeared from mid-June until mid-August, re-appearing on an apparently southward migration. One man told me that in March he had seen a huge congregation in the open Atlantic twenty miles south of Barra Head, "like a great fleet of sailing boats". And it was in March that they were usually reported off the Irish coast. Everything I was told about their movements built up a picture of a steady northward migration to the Hebrides in spring, and a southward migration in September, though there would be years in which the route of the autumn migration seemed to be round Cape Wrath and down

the North Sea. Little has been added to our knowledge in that respect, and I have found no reason to change the original picture that I formed.

The shark feeds upon the same food as the herring: small organisms in the water which in aggregate are called *plankton*. Some are larval forms of crustacea, others are mature but almost microscopic creatures, some are vegetable and some animal. The word embraces all minute free-swimming organisms in the sea, as distinct from those which are attached to, or crawl upon, the bottom. The stomach of a shark may contain as much as a ton of this material, a soft pinkish mass, very like shrimp paste.

Of scientific data there were practically none. Very few fresh specimens had ever been examined by any qualified person. The rotting carcasses occasionally washed ashore, and nearly all hailed as sea monsters (for the gills, being soft, decay first, leaving an apparently distinct and slender neck), had had in the



A. J. Thornton



illustrations from Harpoon at a Venture

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The head of a young Basking Shark measuring 14 feet 7 inches, showing the proboscis-like protuberance, which varies in inverse ratio to the fish's length, being most pronounced in the smallest

past to be examined hastily between tides. I should guess, too, that the field instruments available to an unsuspecting marine biologist were inadequate for the dissection of a Basking Shark. Even a simple dismembering calls for axes, saws, and armoured gloves . . .

CATCHING A SHARK

The sky had become overcast by the time we sailed, a thin layer of cloud through which the sun diffused over a hushed white sky and

sea, so calm that even the floatpods of drifting weed showed hundreds of yards away. There were, nothing like the number of sharks at the surface that there had been in the morning. By standing up in the *Gannet's* bows I could make out the fins at about two miles—there seemed to be only three sharks, and none of them steady at the surface, though the three were never all submerged at the same time.

We decided to take the first shot that

offered, and headed straight for them; when we were still a mile away I saw a great grey shadow as big as the boat pass diagonally below us, and knew that we were on the fringe of the submerged shoal, but no more came to the surface.

We were hardly more than a hundred yards from the fins when for the first time all went down together. I was standing at the gun, trying to accommodate my shoulder to its unrelenting awkwardness, and taking practice sights along the barrel. I heard the engine slip into neutral, and the *Gannet* stole very gently forward towards the rippled surface where the sharks had gone down.

Then, and up to the very last shark I killed years later, this waiting for a shark to re-surface, straining one's eyes for the faintest ripple or gliding bulk below the water, set my heart hammering savagely against my ribs, as though it were a sort of overture, a roll of drums leading up to the climax—the gun's roar and the flying rope and the tail towering out of the water in a drench of white spray. This was the first time that it really happened.

A fin reappeared fifty yards away on the same course, going slowly and straight away from us. The *Gannet* jerked forward as she

went into gear and headed for the shark at half throttle; then I heard Bruce's voice to the man at the engine, "Dead slow," then, "Take her out," and we were drifting up to the shark on a perfect approach.

But at about ten yards the fish turned abruptly left, at right angles to his former course, so that our bows would have passed behind his tail, or at best rammed it. I yelled "Hard aport" to Bruce, but did not feel certain that the *Gannet* had enough way on her to answer the tiller. She seemed to come round very slowly, but the shark was moving slowly too, and his whole length was suddenly there, right across the *Gannet's* bows, so that she would have rammed him amidships. I had slewed the gun round until it was pointing as much forward as its traverse allowed, and I pulled the trigger-cord as soon as the dorsal fin came into the gun's field of vision.

He had been swimming very high; there were only a few inches of water over his back when I fired, and I felt quite certain that the harpoon was in him. The tail behaved as usual, hiding everything with a storm of spray; then, when it had subsided, I saw the shark a fathom or two down in clear water, swimming fast on an opposite course. I could

The 3 ft-wide jaws of a Basking Shark, the lower jaw to the left. The nostril is bottom right with the eye below and slightly left of it. The rib-like structures—gill arches—support the gills and 'plankton filters' called gill-rakers. The shark swims with mouth open; plankton caught on the gill-rakers is periodically washed into the stomach, the water passing out through the gills



see the end of the harpoon shaft sticking a foot or so out of his side—below the point I had aimed for—and a dark plume of blood trailing from it in the water, like smoke from a chimney. Tex saw it too, and gave his war-cry for the first time, a war-cry that I came to associate with every kill, and which in a later season I remember hearing across half a mile of sea, following the boom of his gun in the summer dusk:

"He feels it! He feels it!"

The shark took fifty fathoms of rope in a rush before he slowed up enough for us to be able to take a turn on the drum of the little hand winch. We let him tow us sluggishly for two hours before we began to haul up.

For nearly another two hours the five of us hauled on that rope with all our strength, dragging it in almost inch by inch. Everything worked perfectly. When we began the tug-of-war the rope was leading down from the bow fair-lead at about seventy degrees, and for the first few minutes the shark tried quick changes of direction, the rope leading sometimes ahead, sometimes to port or starboard, then under the boat. But after ten minutes the rope was vertical, as rigid as a telegraph pole, and he was three hundred feet

below us in the green dusk of the sea, being dragged inexorably upward.

We had pieces of coloured cloth tied into the rope at ten, twenty, and thirty fathoms; when, after an hour and a half, the ten-fathom mark came up over the fair-lead and came edging down the dripping foredeck to the winch, I left the hold and went up to the *Gannet's* bows. I lay flat on my face on the deck and strained my eyes to follow the rope down into the dim water. I could see perhaps twenty feet before it became lost in darkness; the three feet of it between the surface and the *Gannet's* fair-lead felt as hard as wood, and if one pulled sideways upon it it would vibrate fractionally, but would not give half an inch. It was some minutes before I could see anything but the tensed rope leading down into obscurity; then, at the extreme limit of vision, I saw something that looked like a gigantic punkah swinging rhythmically to and fro.

I had already seen several sharks at close quarters; I had seen those giant tails sweeping clear of the water to slam down upon the sea or the boat; there was no logical reason for this tail to come as a surprise, but it did. Foot by foot it came higher into the clearer water and defined itself, six foot wide at least, and

The fight ends: the harpooned shark is winched in, secured by a noose of steel hawser round its lashing tail, and hauled close to the Gannet ready for transference to the waiting Sea Leopard



swinging over an arc of several yards as the shark tried to swim vertically downwards.

I could see part of the body beyond the tail now; the body of a dragon, six feet through and showing a glimmering white belly as he twisted and lunged. At the far end of the belly there seemed to be two gigantic flippers—I was unprepared for the size of these pectoral fins, which had been minimized in the drawings I had seen.

As soon as his tail came clear of the surface the power of that punkah action became apparent; at each lunge it exploded a fountain of water from the sea. Several times it struck the *Gannet's* stem, leaving gobs of black slime as it struggled free. We were busy with ropes now, and after several near misses succeeded in dropping a noose over the long upper half of the tail-fin as it jammed momentarily against the bows. The next lunge carried the tail below the surface, and for a moment it looked as though the rope would be flung free, but as the tail rose again toward the boat we saw the other half of it slip through, and the whole fin was in the noose. We almost knocked each other overboard in our hurry to pull it tight, but we saw it close firmly on the narrow isthmus of body below the fin, and the shark was ours . . .

WHY THE VENTURE FAILED

Our position at the end of the summer of 1945 was that we had caught a few specimen sharks, and had discovered that practically every portion of the fish had commercial possibilities. We thought, erroneously, that we had overcome the catching difficulties. We had not touched the gigantic problem of transporting the carcass from killing-ground to factory, whose necessary equipment now made a formidable list. Yet at the very heart of our policy was a schism that must ultimately be held responsible for the failure of the venture. From the time that the project had first been conceived, my instinct had been to confine ourselves to the marketing of the liver oil, the value of which had been high in



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A second sling round the gills from the Sea Leopard's bows makes the creature more manageable for towing to the factory

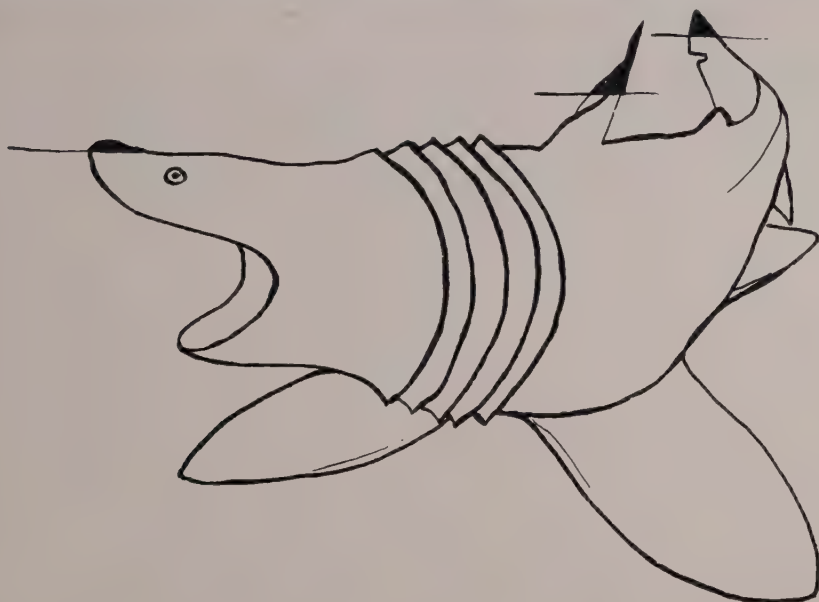
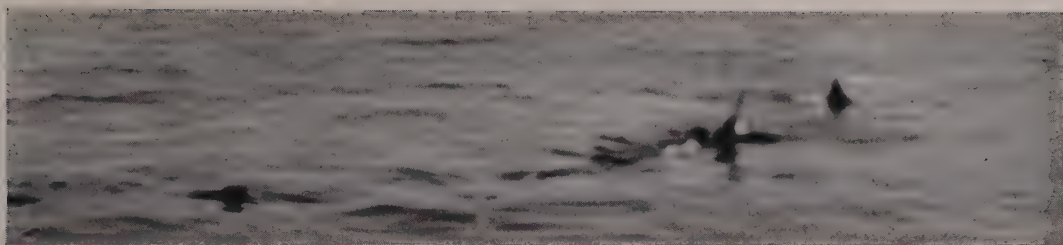
peace-time and had now practically doubled. I felt instinctively that the handling of these gigantic carcasses, their separation into components and the final reduction of the remnants—the head alone weighing a ton—to fish manure, would present insuperable problems. My advisers, however, accustomed to think in terms of handleable fish, and lacking the firsthand experience necessary to visualize the difficulty of moving or transporting even a small portion of a creature whose weight is measured in tons, were insistent that success could only lie in using every part of the fish. Nothing must be wasted, no possibility unexplored. I see it now as I saw it at first: an ivory-hunter in the deep Congo jungle, standing by the mountainous carcass from which he has cut out the tusks and pondering how he may capitalize the tons of flesh, the hide, the bones—all the apparent and gigantic waste. But so insistent were my advisers, and so apparently experienced in the mass hand-



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(Above) The factory on Soay in the Hebrides which the author established after the war to deal with the Basking Sharks caught by his company. Here they were cut up for the valuable liver oil and for a large number of by-products which proved less remunerative. (Below) The first shark brought to the factory





(Top) A very large shark passing a boat. The diagram shows how very little of its enormous bulk (the tips of the proboscis, dorsal fin and tail fin) appear above the surface while it is basking

ling of all that comes out of the sea, that I was won over completely to their point of view. The factory, not the ships, was to be the nerve-centre—a nerve-centre doomed from its inception to starvation from blocked arteries. I know now that the shark's liver is the elephant's ivory, and felt then that nothing but a movable factory on the whaling-ship plan could ever make profitable the working of the carcase.

But by the end of the summer of 1945 the choice between these two widely divergent policies had been unwisely made, and we intended either to market or to explore no less than ten different products during the 1946 season: liver oil, liver residue, glue from membranes, frozen flesh, salted flesh, fish meal, dried fins, boné manure, plankton stomach contents and glandular products. . .

The theoretical handling of a shark from the moment he was secured seemed, for the most part, simple. First he would be towed

to the harbour. If it was low tide, the *Button* would put out from the factory to meet the *Sea Leopard*, so that the large boat would not have to cross the Soay harbour bar. The shark would be towed to the factory slipway—a steep railway leading down from the concrete cutting-up “stance” into the sea. The carcase would be floated on to a bogie-truck running on these rails, and hauled up the incline by a big steam-winch. We anticipated a certain amount of difficulty in manœuvring the shark squarely on to the concrete. Once on to it, the first operation would be the skinning, for which I had ordered twelve pairs of armoured gloves to protect the workers' hands, as the mass of tiny spines would wear through the thickest leather gloves in a very few minutes.

Next the liver would be removed, cut up, and put into the barrels of the oil-extraction plant, to each of which led a steam pipe from the boiler. Then the fins and tail would be

removed and placed in tanks for the extraction of glue liquor. The vertebræ would be set aside to dry for later shipment in bulk for manure. The flesh would be cut up and put into the ice-house, of which the concrete cutting-up stance was the roof. All the suitable residue would then go through a plant for conversion to fish meal. This plant, which, like most of the factory components, never fulfilled its function adequately, consisted of a mincer, a press, and an eighty-foot tunnel filled with trays moving on rails, through which a fan blasted hot air from the boiler furnace.

Here was the ivory hunter commercializing the carcase in the jungle. I was a convert for the moment, and, like most converts, I was beyond reason.

THE SCIENTISTS' OPPORTUNITY

Introduction to an Appendix by Dr L. Harrison Matthews, Scientific Director, Zoological Society of London, and Dr H. W. Parker, British Museum (Natural History).

It is remarkable that the anatomy and biology of a fish so large, conspicuous, and common as the Basking Shark should be practically unknown, especially in view of the fact that it is the subject of a commercial fishery in the British Isles, and consequently is not inaccessible to naturalists. Until 1947 the general anatomy of this fish had been reported on by only four persons: Home (1809, 1813), who examined two adult males; de Blainville (1811), who examined one; Pavesi (1874, 1878), who examined two immature males, and Carazzi (1904, 1905), who examined an immature female. There are numerous observations on the occurrence of the species in various parts of the world, and some authors have described the whalebone-like gill-rakers. In the second half of May 1947, Dr Harrison Matthews and Dr H. W. Parker visited Major Gavin Maxwell's shark-fishing station and factory on the Isle of Soay, off the coast of Skye. They examined and dissected a number of sharks, and were able to go to sea in hunting-craft. The machinery used in dismembering sharks at the factory was an invaluable aid to the work, for sharks are not easy subjects for dissection, the size and weight of the individual organs making handling difficult; and woe betide the anatomist who inadvertently punctures the stomach and releases something like a ton of semi-digested plankton over his dissection. A large amount of information was collected and much material fixed and

preserved for subsequent examination. A special study was made of reproduction and internal anatomy, food and feeding habits, and of parasites. Their results were published in two memoirs presented to the Royal Society and the Zoological Society of London, and printed with many illustrations.

THE BASKING HABIT

Comment by the author on the following extract from the scientists' Appendix:

The basking habit, in which the first dorsal fin and the tip of the tail project above the surface of the water, is probably adopted when the concentration of plankton is great near the surface; it is likely that feeding also takes place when the fish are completely submerged. The basking habit is probably correlated also with the breeding behaviour of the fish.

I must say at once that, tempting though both these theories are, they accord in no way with my own observations. The suggestion that basking is correlated with breeding behaviour is, I think, completely precluded by the fact that sharks appear to bask from birth onward, and during all their sexually immature years. After the most conscientious examination, we could relate the appearance of the sharks at the surface to no constant factor. Had we been able to do so it would have been a major step towards the success of the venture.

Again and again the plankton-net returned a concentrated sample from the first fathom when no sharks were visible, though we knew them to be in the area; again and again we would obtain a weak plankton sample from near to the surface when sharks were up. I feel convinced that there is some at present unconsidered determining factor that is responsible for bringing large numbers of fish to the surface over an area of a mile or more and within a few minutes of each other. Further, all our experience tended to show that rarely if ever are all sharks of a shoal visible at once, which may suggest that not all are receiving the same stimulus. We tried in vain to relate these appearances to weather (temperature, wind-force, humidity, light), to the state of the tide, to the concentration of plankton in the surface fathom of water, and I must consider that we are not yet in a state of knowledge to offer any explanation of the basking habit.

The following Photogravure Section extends and develops the description of life in Jamaica, where her husband was Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief from 1943 to 1951, which Lady Huggins gave in her article on Jamaican Women in our April number



Jamaicans at Work

Notes by LADY HUGGINS

Photographs by ERICA KOCH

The sort of work that people do in different parts of the world doesn't vary a great deal, though the way in which they do it and the implements and equipment they use are infinitely varied. The important thing is that they should enjoy it. This the Jamaican attitude to work—even, as is often the case, hard work—ensures. While no-one has a harder job than the sawyer,

his cheerful grin is due quite as much to temperament as to pleasure at having his photograph taken. He is of pure African descent; his ancestors were slaves; and his skill at his trade has probably been handed down from father to son. Whether he is building his own house, or working for a private firm, or on one of the community building schemes, he certainly enjoys it



Jamaicans are often skilled sempstresses and fine needlewomen, with a flair for colour and the design of clothes. Unlike their less fortunate sisters elsewhere, they can use sewing machines in the open air under the shade of a grove of banana trees. That may be partly responsible for the charming smile of this young Jamaican girl—of pure African descent like the sawyer on the previous page, with whom she also shares an obvious enjoyment and pride in her work

A little wayside tailoring establishment with a high-sounding name in a Jamaican town may not be quite up to Savile Row standards but the owner, in his smart, locally made hat of jippi-jappa straw, will make you a suit in two days, even in one if pressed. Like many other occupations that to our damp European way of thinking are more suitably carried on indoors, tailoring and indeed nearly all the pursuits illustrated in these photographs are regarded as outdoor jobs in Jamaica



A haircut in Chicago is probably as different from one in a village on the banks of the Limpopo as both would be from one performed by the side of a Jamaican road, but when the victim is a small boy they are each bound to raise a cloud of doubts in his mind—about the safety of his ears and the competence and even the good intentions of the barber, the sharpness of the scissors and the final result which can hardly be anything but deplorable. Thick, black, woolly curls are tough to cut, which gives this young Jamaican just cause for apprehension





With even more cause but less apprehension a Jamaican school-girl in her neat uniform of white and navy blue bravely allows the school dentist to drill a tooth. Increasing numbers of Jamaicans are being trained as doctors or dentists and return to their own country to look after their fellow-countrymen, with the result that the improvement in the health of school-children in recent years has been most marked. This fine type of elderly Negro in his spotless white coat probably has to work long hours to cover all the school health inspections



Often in Jamaica you will come across scenes like this : washer-women in groups, adorned with graceful hats, scrubbing their garments and those of their customers on the stones and flat rocks of the nearest river. In the heat of the day it is undoubtedly pleasant to stand knee-deep in cool water and enjoy a gossip while laundering clothes by this time-honoured if rather drastic method, against a background of tropical foliage

Work on the banana plantations is one of the main sources of employment in many parts of the island. The Jamaicans call bananas "green gold" for they are of course cut while still green and have long been a reliable source of ready earnings for large numbers of the population. But a load like this is heavy and it is hard work cutting and carrying bananas all day for shipment to England in specially constructed cargo-boats





Work begins at an early age for Jamaicans. The children are on the whole very intelligent and anxious to learn, with a particular aptitude for speech-making! These small boys are having lessons out of doors, probably because their school is overcrowded, and, since there are not enough lesson-books to go round, must share. Even so their concentration is evident. Clearly these young people will reward care and trouble taken over their education; the future of the island lies with them

Our Landscape's Debt to the 18th Century

by DOROTHY STROUD

Much of what we most appreciate in the English landscape is the work of a few generations of men: how few, and how they worked, is here shown by the author of Capability Brown (Country Life). These men seldom lived to see the fruits of their planning and planting which succeeding generations have enjoyed; what are we doing to ensure the bequest of similar pleasures to posterity?

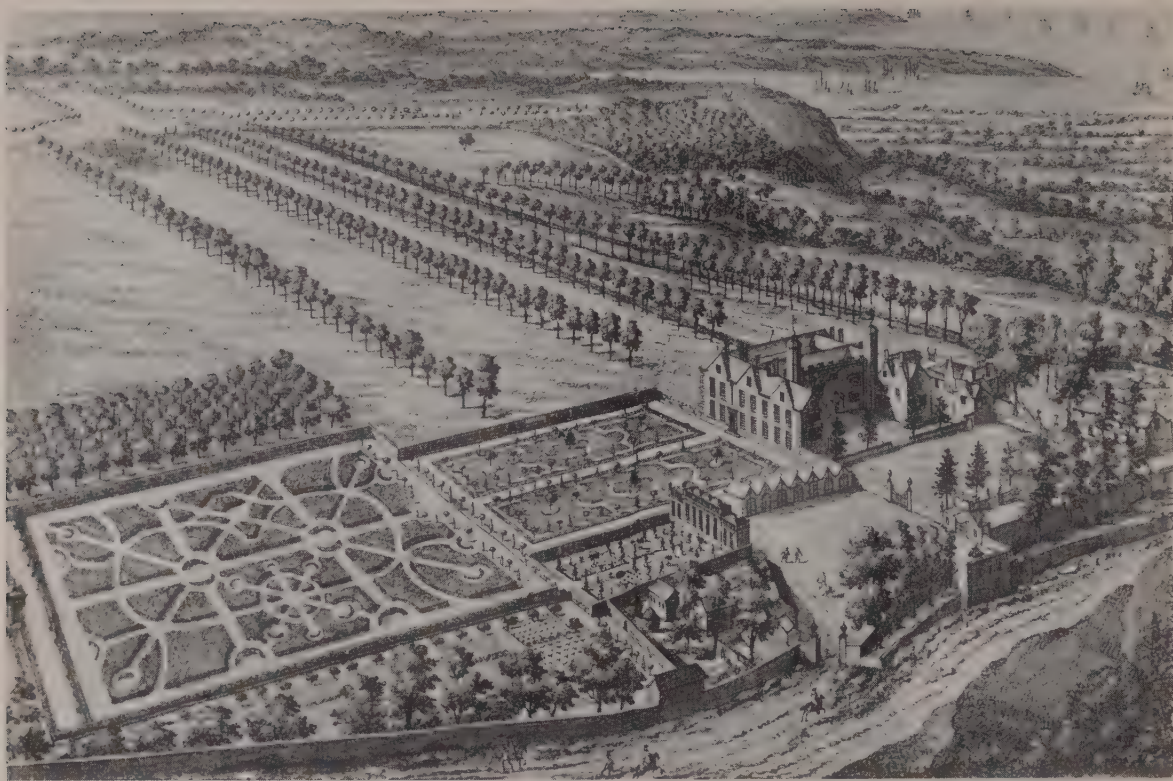
"THE Picturesque," wrote Stendhal in his *Mémoires d'un Touriste*, "like good stage-coaches and steamboats, comes to us from England . . . a beautiful countryside is as much part and parcel of the religion of the Englishman as is his feeling for aristocracy." He was writing in 1838, when more than a century of thought and money and energy had transformed England into a land of parks and carefully tended estates, and not even the oldest inhabitant could remember the very different scene which had prevailed before the inception of the landscape movement.

The 17th century had not, of course, been lacking in fine and spacious gardens, but they were gardens in the restricted sense of the word, hedged in from the untidy and rather frightening aspect of what lay beyond, for the land had not yet been spread with the quilt of lush fields and neat hedgerows which sentimentalists like to think was creation's particular gift to this country. More than half of England's acreage at that time was, in fact, heath, moor, forest or scrub, with frequent bogs: uncontrolled rivers inundated their surroundings in winter, or dwindled to a muddy trickle in summer before an invasion of weeds. Cultivation was still largely on the old open-field system, which persisted in many parts of the country despite the enclosures which had been taking place with increasing effect from about 1450; while towns and villages were linked by roads which frequently deteriorated into tracks, or became so overgrown that a mounted servant with a billhook would be sent ahead to clear the way for his master's carriage. There are many contemporary paintings which confirm that country houses were often either isolated in bleak and barren surroundings, or hemmed in by dense woodlands.

When in the early years of the 18th century a new fashion in gardening arose, its most remarkable characteristic was not so much

the replacement of formality by informality, as the way in which it broke through the old boundaries to embrace the land around, crossing roads and rivers, or even climbing hills. Moreover, it went hand in hand with reclamation and increased soil fertility so that the term "to landscape" became almost synonymous with the verb "to improve", and a *ferme-ornée*—that is, a homestead of deliberately picturesque appearance—was frequently included as an amenity in a park. "Gardening", says one writer, "is no longer confined to the spots from which it borrows its name, but regulates also the disposition and embellishment of a park, a farm, or a riding; and the business of a gardener is to select and to apply whatever is great, elegant or characteristic in any of them."

The manner in which this transformation came about and the ultimate concept of the landscape garden were due to the coincidence of two independent factors; first, the reaction against the excessive formality of 17th-century designs, and secondly the growing interest in Italian art and architecture which was to have far-reaching repercussions in this country. Signs of the former are manifest in late 17th-century literature, but it was a vague discontent, anxious to break away from stiff parterres and endless topiary conceits, though as yet uncertain how to proceed. The inspiration for which the leaders were seeking came a few years later, when considerable numbers of the landscape paintings of Claude, Poussin and Salvator Rosa began to be imported. Here, it was suddenly discovered, were scenes as romantic and serene as the heart could desire: how could a man of means do better than to make them the pattern for a three-dimensional idyll of his own? Joseph Addison, who had himself spent several years on the continent, was one of the first to voice this new idea. "Why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations that may turn as



British Museum

An engraving by Kip showing 17th-century formality: parterres and avenues at Kings Weston, Glos.

much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? . . . if the walks were a little taken care of . . . a man might make a pretty landscape of his own possessions."

Addison even answered his own question by creating a miniature landscape on his estate at Bilton, with a stream winding among trees and shrubs. Lord Bathurst, however, told Daines Barrington that he considered himself to have been "the first to deviate from straight lines in a brook which he had widened at Ryskins." Certainly Lord Bathurst's planting of his park at Cirencester entitled him to a leading place among the pioneers, for its great rides, though for the most part undeviatingly straight, made a remarkable contribution to local scenery. Lord Bathurst at one time obtained the services of Stephen Switzer, whose *Iconographia Rustica* of 1715 was the first practical book on "the general distribution of a country seat into rural and extensive gardens, parks, paddocks &c."

Charles Bridgeman was another gardener of distinction who, after collaborating with Sir John Vanbrugh on the formal layouts at Eastbury and Claremont, came under the influence of the new school. Horace Walpole credits him with having invented the ha-ha,

or sunk wall, which allowed the pleasure garden to be merged with its surroundings, though it seems more likely that Bridgeman merely borrowed the idea from France. He certainly employed it at Stowe before 1724, and again at Houghton, a great enterprise described by Sir Thomas Robinson in a letter of 1731 as

seven hundred acres very finely planted, and the ground laid out to the greatest advantage. The gardens are about forty acres, which are only fenced from the Park by a fosse . . . Sir Robert [Walpole] and Bridgeman showed me the large design for the plantations in the country, which is the present undertaking: there are to be plumps and avenues to go quite round the park pale.

When landowners start planting in terms of six and seven hundred acres (that is, an area twice the size of Hyde Park), there begins to be a perceptible change in the appearance of the countryside, and Bridgeman is therefore entitled to take his place as another promoter of this transformation in the English scene, though he never quite freed himself from a penchant for rectangular ponds and straight walks.

To discover the man "born with a genius to strike out a great system from the twilight

of imperfect essays" we must go back to 1716, when fate had brought together in Italy two men whose influence was ultimately to give immeasurable impetus to the landscape movement. In that year William Kent, who had been studying painting in Rome, was introduced to the youthful Lord Burlington, then in the course of making the Grand Tour. At once the talented peer, whose generosity and encouragement endeared him to all concerned with the arts, was attracted by Kent's magnetic personality. Together they explored the sights and pledged themselves forthwith to foster the cult of Palladian architecture; and when they finally returned to England, Kent took up residence in Burlington House, and became a favourite figure in its coterie. Other members of this set included Alexander Pope, a warm champion of the landscape garden; and Thomas Coke, later Earl of Leicester, with whom Kent had already been on friendly terms in Rome, and who nursed a fierce dislike of what he called "those damned dull walks, those cold and insipid straight walks" of the "unpicturesk" garden.

When towards the end of the 1720s Kent extended his professional activities as painter and architect to designing landscapes, it was

for Lord Burlington that he made his earliest essay at Chiswick House. This was followed by commissions from Lord Leicester for Holkham, Lord Cobham at Stowe, the Duke of Newcastle at Claremont, and General Dormer at Rousham. Only three years after his description of Houghton, Sir Thomas Robinson was writing to Lord Carlisle:

There is a new taste in gardening just arisen, which has been practised with so great success at the Prince's garden in Town, that a general alteration of some of the most considerable gardens in the Kingdom is begun, after Mr Kent's notion of gardening, viz. to lay them out, and work without either level or line.

Mr Kent's notion had indeed caught on. At Wakefield, which lies close to Stowe, the Duke of Grafton commissioned him to design a new house and its setting. Similarly at Esher Place, adjoining Claremont, the Duke of Newcastle's brother, Henry Pelham, put house and grounds into his hands. Only a few miles away, in the same county, two talented amateurs began to work out their own versions of Kent's principles at Pain's Hill, the property of Charles Hamilton, and Wooburn, where Philip Southcote laid out his *ferme-ornée*. Owner after owner caught the infection and in 1739 a writer in *Common*

"Improving an Estate", by Rowlandson. The owner surveys his new house and reconstructed Park



By courtesy of Edward Croft-Murray, Esq.

*General Plan
of J. D. Banquiers Henry Hoares Lustpark and Howerton in Wiltshire
near Bristol*



Courtesy of the Royal Academy of Art, Stockholm

The landscaping of Stourhead, which lies at the south-west extremity of Salisbury Plain, was begun in 1741 by Henry Hoare, the banker. By damming some streams he contrived a large lake in the valley below the house, made extensive plantations—particularly of beech—and set among them a series of temples and other garden buildings. A valuable record of the grounds was made by a Swedish architect, Fredrik Magnus Piper, who visited Stourhead in 1779 and drew several views, as well as this plan on which all the more important features are indicated



By courtesy of the Royal Academy of Art, Stockholm

F. M. Piper's drawing of the Umbrella Seat (now vanished) and view over the lake at Stourhead, with the Pantheon at the far end, and the Temple of the Sun on the left. Both temples survive, though in a view (below) from almost the same spot today, they are hidden by the plantations, now grown to great size





Esq. of T. Cottrell Dormer, Esq.



Reece Winstone

Rousham, Oxon., is the most perfect remaining example of a William Kent landscape. It was one of his later works, designed during the 1740s for General Dormer. This drawing shows his proposals for enlivening a part of the estate which lies beyond the river Cherwell, but is visible from the gardens

Kent's "Eyecatcher" on the skyline and the "Temple of the Mill" as they appear today. The former is a purely decorative absurdity but the latter, with its "gothick" pinnacles and windows, serves as a picturesque frontispiece to the old mill cottage which he considered too plain for his new landscape



Country Life

Ashburnham Place, Sussex, was laid out by Capability Brown in 1767, and is a splendid example of a mature landscape. In the illustration below can be seen across the lake the grassy glade flanked by plantations which was carried out according to the proposals on Brown's plan, the relevant part of which is reproduced here. The work took many years to complete. In addition to preparing the designs Brown also supervised their execution at a cost of nearly £7000, worth several times as much in those days as it would be at present



The Architectural Review

By courtesy of Lady Catherine Ashburnham





By Gracious permission of H.M. The Queen

The great lake at Virginia Water, Surrey, an extensive landscape laid out by William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, with the help of Thomas Sandby, soon after the Duke's appointment as Ranger of Windsor Great Park in 1746. This watercolour by Thomas Sandby and his brother Paul shows work in progress near the Chinese Bridge; the Duke, mounted and wearing a green coat, watches from under a tree on the extreme right

Sense exclaimed:

Every man now, be his fortune what it will, is to be doing something at his Place, as the fashionable phrase it, and you hardly meet with anybody who, after the first Compliments, does not inform you that he is in Mortar and moving of Earth, the modest terms for Building and Gardening. One large Room, a Serpentine River, and a Wood are become the absolute Necessities of Life, without which a Gentleman of the Smallest Fortune thinks he makes no Figure in his Country.

The traveller, bowling along better-kept roads, could now look forward to a succession of fine prospects: he might even, if so disposed, stop and make a closer inspection, for visitors were usually permitted to walk in the more important parks, and a tour of these quickly became a favourite expedition. The Bishop of Chichester, writing to his son in 1735, reported: "I have for several years past promised your mamma to make a ramble with her of a few days to see some fine seats. We set out from home on Friday the 12th and did not return hither till the 20th." Their tour included Canons and Cassiobury, Moor Park and Caversham; also Merlin's Cave, the curiosity which William Kent had built for Queen Caroline in Richmond Park. Diaries as well as letters are full of references to the new-found delight in scenery, and the merits of Castle Howard's "127 acres, 70 of which are an old grown wood of oaks, beeches, etc. . . . cut into glades, opens and winding walks, surprisingly beautiful and adorned with a small cascade", would be carefully weighed against those of some other place such as Studley, where Mr Aislabie had laid out "about 100 acres, vastly neat and very beautiful . . . upon the sides of two large hills with a serpentine river running between them."

Kent had taken to landscape gardening comparatively late in life, being well on in the forties at the time of his Chiswick essay. When he died in 1748, his mantle fell on a man of very different calibre. Whereas Kent's long sojourn under a southern sun had made him indolent and easy-going, fond of the fleshpots and unconcerned for the morrow, his successor had travelled the hard road of practical gardening and was both shrewd and resourceful. Lancelot Brown had entered Lord Cobham's service at Stowe in 1740 and for eight years had taken part in carrying out Kent's alterations there. Lord Cobham died in 1749, and in 1750 Brown left for London and set up his own practice. Within a short time he had secured a large list of commissions and had also assumed the role of

architect. This bold step William Mason later attributed to the difficulty Brown had in "forming a picturesque whole where the previous building had been ill-placed or of improper proportions", and added that "he who disposes the ground and arranges the plantations" ought to fix the situation, if not to determine the shape and size, of the ornamental buildings.

Ornamental buildings had from the outset played an important part in the landscape garden, and they varied from classical temples, "gothick" summerhouses, and belvederes, such as Vanbrugh's at Claremont, to hermits' cells and ruins. Of the latter, only a few owners were fortunate enough to have the real thing, though Mr Aislabie had skilfully focused his grounds on the adjacent remains of Fountains Abbey; and Duncombe Park embraced the noble outlines of Rievaulx. Usually, however, they had to be contrived. "It is not everyone that can build a ruin", observed William Gilpin, but that charming character Sander-son Miller of Radway had the gift. After the success of the tower and crumbling castle with which he decorated his own property, he was much in demand for designs among his friends. Lord Chatham, himself a keen amateur landscape gardener, wrote to Miller in 1755 that he had "one call upon your imagination for a very considerable Gothic object which is to stand in a very fine situation on the Hills near Bath. It is for Mr Allen." The sham castle with which Miller obliged still overlooks Bath from the crest of Lansdowne.

Early in his career Brown—Capability Brown as he was nicknamed from his habit of expounding the "capability" of an estate for improvement—had earned the esteem of Lord Chatham and of Miller; and later he was to have two more staunch supporters in Horace Walpole and William Mason, who defended him against the unwarrantable attacks contained in Sir William Chambers' *Dissertation on Oriental Gardening*. Brown himself never ventured into print, but one of his letters written to the Rev. Thomas Dyer in 1772 sets out the principles by which he was guided:

Our ideas on gardening and place-making . . . when rightly understood will supply all the elegance and all the comforts which mankind wants in the Country and (I will add) if right, be exactly fit for the owner, the Poet, and the Painter; to produce these effects there wants a good plan, good execution, a perfect knowledge of the Country and the objects in it, whether natural or artificial, and infinite delicacy in the planting &c, so much Beauty depending on the size of the trees and the colour of their leaves to



A page from Humphry Repton's "Red Book" for Luscombe Castle, Devon. By raising a flap, which shows the old house on its bare knoll, Repton's proposals are revealed. These consist chiefly of dense plantations to form a setting for the embattled mansion designed by his one-time partner, John Nash





H. Murga

Chanctonbury Ring, that famous Sussex landmark, was planted in 1760 on the then bare down by Mr Charles Goring of Wiston, who in 1828, at the age of eighty-five, celebrated in verse his delight at having lived to see the fulfilment of his boyish dream: "thy top in all its beauty dress'd". This view, taken in Wiston park across the Great Pond, shows Wiston House in the middle distance

produce the effect of light and shade so very essential to the perfecting a good plan: as also the hiding what is disagreeable and shewing what is beautiful, getting shade from the large trees and sweets from the smaller sorts of shrubbs.

His practice extended from Cornwall to Northumberland, from Suffolk to Glamorgan, and in good weather or bad his slightly bent figure might be met making frequent tours of inspection. On these seventy miles a day of driving or riding was not unusual, and sometimes they must have been far from comfortable: his first view of Tottenham Park was in a snowstorm, and he was nearly drowned when his chaise went into a river on the way to Berrington. But what consolation there must have been in the summer months when he could enjoy the results of his work! There was Alnwick, for instance, of which a Mr Marsham wrote in 1768 that several miles of previously waste land had been improved and planted so that "you travel through a lane of flowers and flowering shrubs on both sides"; or Caversham, which Mrs Delaney considered Brown had made "one of the finest parks imaginable, and at the time of the white-thorns being in blow, 'tis hardly possible to describe the scene it offers."

When Brown died in 1783, Horace Walpole—who, in his long life, was to see almost the whole ebb and flow of the landscape movement—composed a neat little verse to his memory:

With one lost Paradise, the name
Of our first ancestor is stained;
Brown shall enjoy unsullied fame
For many a paradise regained.

A good many more paradises, however, were still to be regained with the help of Brown's successor, Humphry Repton, who set up as a landscape gardener in 1788. Repton advocated the introduction of some formality near the house, and an avoidance of such deceptions as sham ruins. His plantations, too, were closer and 'woollier' than Brown's, a point which he stresses in one of his books by quoting some lines by William Mason:

. . . Rich the robe
And ample let it flow, that Nature wears
On her thron'd eminence! Where'er she takes
Her horizontal march, pursue her step
With sweeping train of forest; hill to hill
Unite, with prodigality of shade.

But by Repton's time, opinion was beginning to be divided on the subject of Natural Beauty. In 1794 Richard Payne Knight of Downton published a poem entitled *The Landscape*, and his neighbour, Uvedale Price

of Foxley, produced his *Essay on the Picturesque*, two works which advocated a return to a wild and rugged aspect in the park and its surroundings. They also shared a violent antipathy towards all Brown's principles, and a good many of Repton's, which caused the latter to join issue with them in the second edition of his *Sketches and Hints*. Today, much of these ponderous dissertations of Payne Knight and Price seems abstruse and laboured. Even Repton's contemporary, Daniel Malthus, confesses to being "disgusted by the affected and technical language of connoisseurship", and continues "I know the abilities of the two gentlemen, and am sorry they have made themselves such pupils of the Warburtonian school" (i.e. Bishop Warburton, a celebrated theological controversialist) "as to appear more like Luther and Calvin, than a couple of west-country gentlemen, talking of gravel walks and syringas. To be sure one would imagine they would have broiled poor Brown . . ."

The literary squabbles of the dilettanti, however, were of small significance in comparison to the great legacy of practical achievement which the far-sighted designers of the 18th century left to this country—the beauty of Rousham and Pain's Hill, of Badminton and Harewood, of Stourhead and Blenheim; of the round cushions of beech planted on Berkshire downlands, or the groups of Scots firs on the skyline of Cannock Chase. They lived in an era when, by a happy coincidence of circumstances,

Wealth enthron'd in Nature's pride,
With Taste and Beauty by her side,
And holding Plenty's horn,
Sent Labour to pursue the toil,
Art to improve the happy soil,
And Beauty to Adorn.

The 19th century began with prospects just as bright, but these were not to be fulfilled. Social and economic changes brought about by the Industrial Revolution caused estates to shrink, and while existing parks continued to flourish, the genius for creating new ones wilted before the circumscribed taste of Victorian England. We have been born in time to enjoy some part of the 18th century's landscape legacy; but it is a legacy, and not a perpetual endowment, a point which is unfortunately seldom realized. Unless enterprise and encouragement are forthcoming on the part of landowners and public in the preservation of parks, and the renewal of fine timber, posterity will inherit only a few graphic records of that bountiful age when the landscape gardener occupied an honoured niche in the Temple of the Arts.

Marseilles Looks Ahead

by H. DENNIS JONES

Le Corbusier's "Unité d'Habitation" is much in the news. Architecturally it is highly regarded; Mr Jones applies, in a manner familiar to our readers from his articles on London and Amsterdam, both a more personal and a broader standard of criticism, viewing it in relation to the growth and problems of the city where it is but one of several courageous experiments in town-planning

THE last stage of the journey from Paris to Marseilles by road is a delight. Driving across the Plain of Orange you are overwhelmed by the dazzling sunlight, the bright colours, and the sudden scents of wild peppermint, or pines, or ripe grass. Then, at the top of a slight rise the huge, deep blue expanse of the Étang de Berre, the inland lake north-west of Marseilles, comes into view. After that the road climbs up and up into rocky grey and white mountains. The suburbs of Marseilles begin on the other side of the crest. Soon you are on a wide, magnificently planned new road. But you still have time to admire the brightly painted little houses with their pink-tiled roofs set among the pines and, if you are lucky, the whole expanse of Marseilles bathed in the mauve light of late evening. And so down, down, down until you land with a jolt in the town's main industrial area.

More accurately, you land with an infinite series of jolts, for the *pavé* of Marseilles is reputedly the worst and the most extensive of all France. An additional shock is the discovery that the town, though strictly part of Provence, is separated from it not merely by mountains so closely packed that only five roads have been driven through them but also in spirit. Marseilles is French; it is Provençal; but it is also deeply cosmopolitan. A fifth of the population is said to be of Italian origin; other nationalities are also well represented. In fact, Marseilles is a jumble.

It is a jumble in every respect. Indeed, for the stranger trying to find his way about the place is a nightmare. Its centre is a network of one-way streets, some wide and some narrow, but none apparently going the way you want. Beyond them are fine, broad roads that lead nowhere and narrow, ill-kept streets that turn out to be *routes nationales* linking Marseilles with the outside world. If you venture on the hills north or south of the Lacydon (the ancient Greek name, still in use, for the old harbour) half the alleyways end frustratingly in cul-de-sacs or flights of

steps. Your efforts are not helped by the Marseillais habit of making one name serve several localities. The term "Prado", for example, is used indiscriminately to indicate the Avenue du Prado, the second Avenue du Prado (at right angles to the first!), the Prado Goods Station, the Prado beach and the whole Prado district.

Even more confusing at first are the only two answers ever given to the direction-seeking motorist—"Straight on" and "Straight on as far as the Canebière and ask again there". The Canebière, of course, is Marseilles's most famous thoroughfare. From the way it is talked of you expect it to be the Champs Élysées, Oxford Street, The Mall and the pre-war Unter den Linden rolled into one. Actually it is just a long wide road, flanked with tall buildings of decidedly 19th-century-French appearance and modern shops. Nevertheless, it is the centre of Marseilles's universe. "It's fine today," they say. "There'll be lots of people on the Canebière." In Marseilles for much of the year it usually is fine—so fine and warm that non-Marseillais Government officials stationed there prefer to work from seven-thirty to one-thirty and then finish for the day. But the cold and tiring *mistral* wind, blowing suddenly in from the sea, can soon send you scuttling home for warmer clothes.

However, to return to the town, your confusion largely disappears when you realize that Marseilles occupies a long strip of coast running roughly north and south. As even the stranger is likely to be facing approximately the right way when he starts the chances are that if he should not go "straight on" he should at any rate go as far as the Canebière before asking again. For the Canebière, in the heart of the city, lies athwart this north-south axis and to miss it on any journey is difficult indeed.

Housing and architecture are as haphazard as the rest of the town. Overcrowded streets merge suddenly into open fields. Tumble-down shacks rub shoulders with efficient-looking modern buildings. Only ten per cent



photographs by the author



(Above) The long, wide Canebière, whose name is known the world over, is at once a symbol and an outcome of Marseilles's rise to prosperity at the end of the 19th century. It runs inland from the eastern end of the ancient Lacydon harbour. (Left) As in most old fishing towns and ports, the narrow streets that climb the hillsides north and south of the Lacydon are often nothing but flights of steps between tall houses

of the dwellings have baths and barely forty per cent main drainage. (Most of those pretty-looking little houses that cluster on the mountainsides turn out to be entirely without piped water or sanitation.) The average age of all dwellings is sixty-two years and more than a quarter are over eighty years old. In short, the whole town has a sort of timeless nonchalance about it, as if it did not matter when or why the buildings were put up or how soon they will fall down. Surprising, indeed, in the midst of all this haphazardness, are the gleaming modern port installations, seventeen miles of well-equipped quays in all, and all rebuilt since their total destruction by the retreating Germans in 1944, when only four berths and four derricks were left in working order.

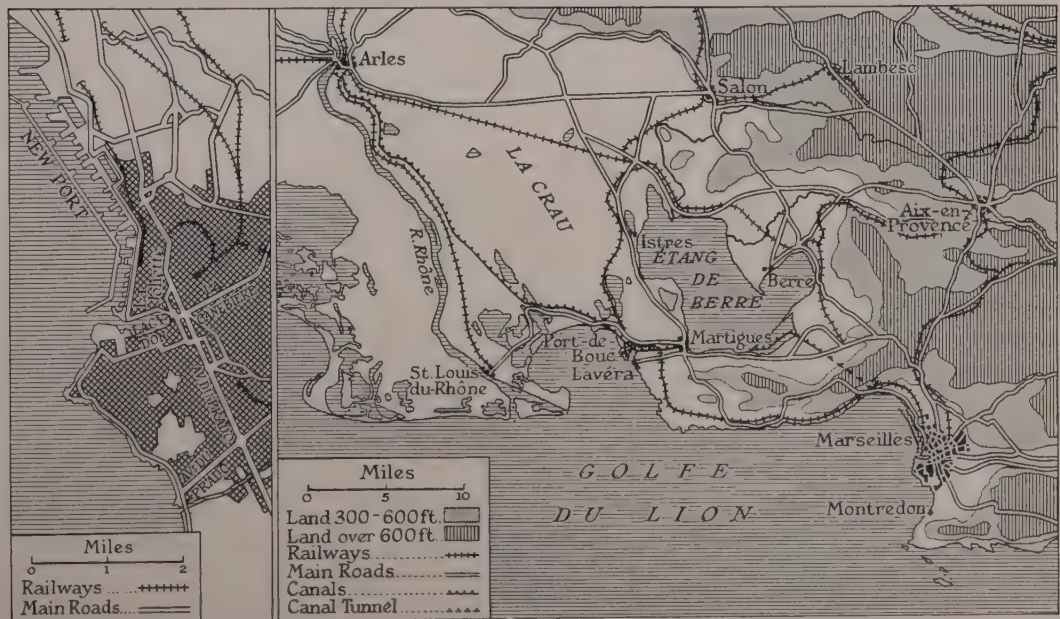
As for the Marseillais themselves, they are to the French what North-Country folk are to the southern English—a friendly joke. People smile indulgently when they hear the unlovely Marseilles *patois* and look upon all Marseillais as *blagueurs*. But as one earnest café acquaintance explained, this reputation for clowning is no more justified than that of the Scots for meanness. (I discovered later that his wife was Scottish.) The truth is that the Marseillais are not unlike our northerners—hard-headed, commercial-minded, down-to-earth—but at the same time they are Mediterraneans. They have an almost excessive love of colour. Even the old dinghy that leaks from every seam is painted duck-egg blue, or pink, or green and orange. Their

conversation is equally bright-toned. They love the open air, too—provided there is adequate shade—and so, off the main ‘French’-looking streets, off the Canebière itself in fact, you come upon narrow streets and little *places* planted with shade-giving planes and looking more like Provençal villages than parts of a great city.

On Sundays, while the well-off set out in their cars for the Côte d’Azur or go visiting in Aix-en-Provence, ordinary folk flock to the few places in Marseilles where sea-bathing is possible, or picnic in the shade of the pines on cliffs overlooking the deep blue Mediterranean, or, in a tree-planted café garden or *boulodrome*, enjoy a game of their ‘national’ sport, *boule*. This is a more hectic version of our peaceable bowls. The metal balls, unbiassed, are tossed through the air and as much attention given to knocking your opponents’ bowls out of place as to giving yourself a good lay. Among the groups you will hear Italian spoken and sung and, in the north of the town especially, you may even come upon a *flamenco* singer and his guitarist entertaining a knot of Spanish friends.

* * * * *

The history of Marseilles, for the last century at least, is the story of how its position and natural resources have constantly enabled it to meet the changing circumstances of world history. There are few areas where the interactions of history and geography can be more clearly studied.



A. J. Thornton



In contrast to many parts of Marseilles the gleaming concrete quays and sheds of the New Port are models of streamlined efficiency. There is tide-free accommodation for the largest ships

When the centuries-old Levantine trade of Marseilles declined abruptly at the fall of the Second Empire, the opening of the new Suez Canal route to the Far East just as suddenly brought greater prosperity than ever before. The vast "New Port", with its excellent tide-free anchorages for the new steamships, was built. The railway gave Marseilles its first secure link with the hinterland. Industry began to settle there. And it became a main coaling and provisioning station for ships on the Far Eastern run.

By 1913, though docks filled the whole available northern coast from La Joliette to Cap Janet, the port had more traffic than it could handle. So, in the early 1920s the Étang de Berre was opened to sea-going traffic and the "annex" ports around its shore, equipped and administered by the Marseilles Chamber of Commerce, came into being.

The collapse of Marseilles's profitable Black Sea wheat imports after the Russian Revolution were balanced before long by the increased colonial trade with France's North African dependencies necessitated by the "national self-sufficiency" policies of the 1930s. But growing industrialization in the colonies, notably the sugar refineries of North

Africa, hit Marseilles's industry hard. The use of oil-fuel in ships and other changes has all but destroyed its once vast bunkering trade. Its Far Eastern commerce has been shattered by the upheavals of World War II. Nevertheless, with the emergence of the Middle East as one of the world's main oil-producing areas, Marseilles's geographical position and resources have once more come to its rescue. The ground surrounding the Étang de Berre is ideal for oil refineries and storage, and promises to become one of Europe's main oil-processing centres. It is the annex ports now which are superseding the New Port, just as the New Port once superseded the Lacydon.

Through all these changes the town behind the port has grown, plot by haphazard plot, in shapeless, chaotic fashion. No sewage or water-supply system, even, has ever been planned. The New Port, originally considered merely an adjunct to the Lacydon, was unfortunately built along the coast to the north and not to the south, where adequate level ground is available for expanding industry, instead of just a narrow, quickly filled strip between mountains and sea. Worst of all is the utter lack of a rational road system.



Kodachrome

(Above) Looking north-west across the Lacydon the new flats now being built stand out clearly. Beyond, the New Port extends to the mountainous cliffs at L'Estaque. (Below) The once-prosperous Lacydon quays are now occupied almost wholly by brightly painted dinghies and small fishing boats



Kodachrome



Kodachrome

In this tiny, landlocked basin, directly connected with the open sea south of the Lacydon, the fishermen mending their nets, and indeed the whole scene, are timeless and unchanging. The main road, belonging to a new and different world, crosses the mouth of the basin on a viaduct from which the passer-by looks down into the past



Kodachrome

(Above) Almost completed flats at La Joliette, near the centre of Marseilles, tower over tumbledown cafés.
(Below) The loggia-style "co-properties" at Montredon form a gaily coloured housing estate of a new kind



Kodachrome



Kodachrome

These houses recently built for employees of an oil-derivative factory beside the Étang de Berre exemplify both the Marseillais' age-long love of colour and the spaciousness of modern planning

A recent enquiry has shown that out of 65,000 workers questioned over 40,000 spent more than forty-five minutes getting to work—which is ridiculous for a town of 650,000 inhabitants.

As a result the town-planner of today faces two main paradoxes. He must cope with a town which already fills the whole of its natural site inside the mountain ring but which nevertheless could easily house half as many inhabitants again if only a rational scheme of housing and communications were adopted. He has to find new areas for industry even though, thanks to changes in the port's raw materials imports, many factories are closed and unlikely to reopen. On top of all that he must weigh the future importance of the annex ports against that of the old town and set horizons for the development of the region as a whole.

The plan adopted is largely the work of M. Georges Meyer-Heine, Chief Regional Planning Officer of the Ministry of Reconstruction. It has three main sections: resolution of the traffic problem; strict division of

land between housing, industry, public services and open spaces; and suggestions for the future development of the whole area between Marseilles and the Rhône, the mouth of which is some thirty miles away as the crow flies.

Trunk road congestion is already being dealt with by the ingenious device of building two magnificent *autoroutes* (one leading northwards, already in use, and one east) limited to fast-moving traffic and running non-stop, without crossings or junctions, from the city's outskirts almost to its very centre. In this way the older main roads are cleared for local traffic and for the heavy lorries that lumber in and out of the town by day and night. The congestion in purely local traffic is to be released by cleverly devised adaptations of existing roads and the building of a new 'north circular' road, much of it over a stream. The allocation of residential areas begins by recommending the gradual removal of the remaining parcels of dwellings from the main port and industrial district. This may seem wrong at first sight. But there



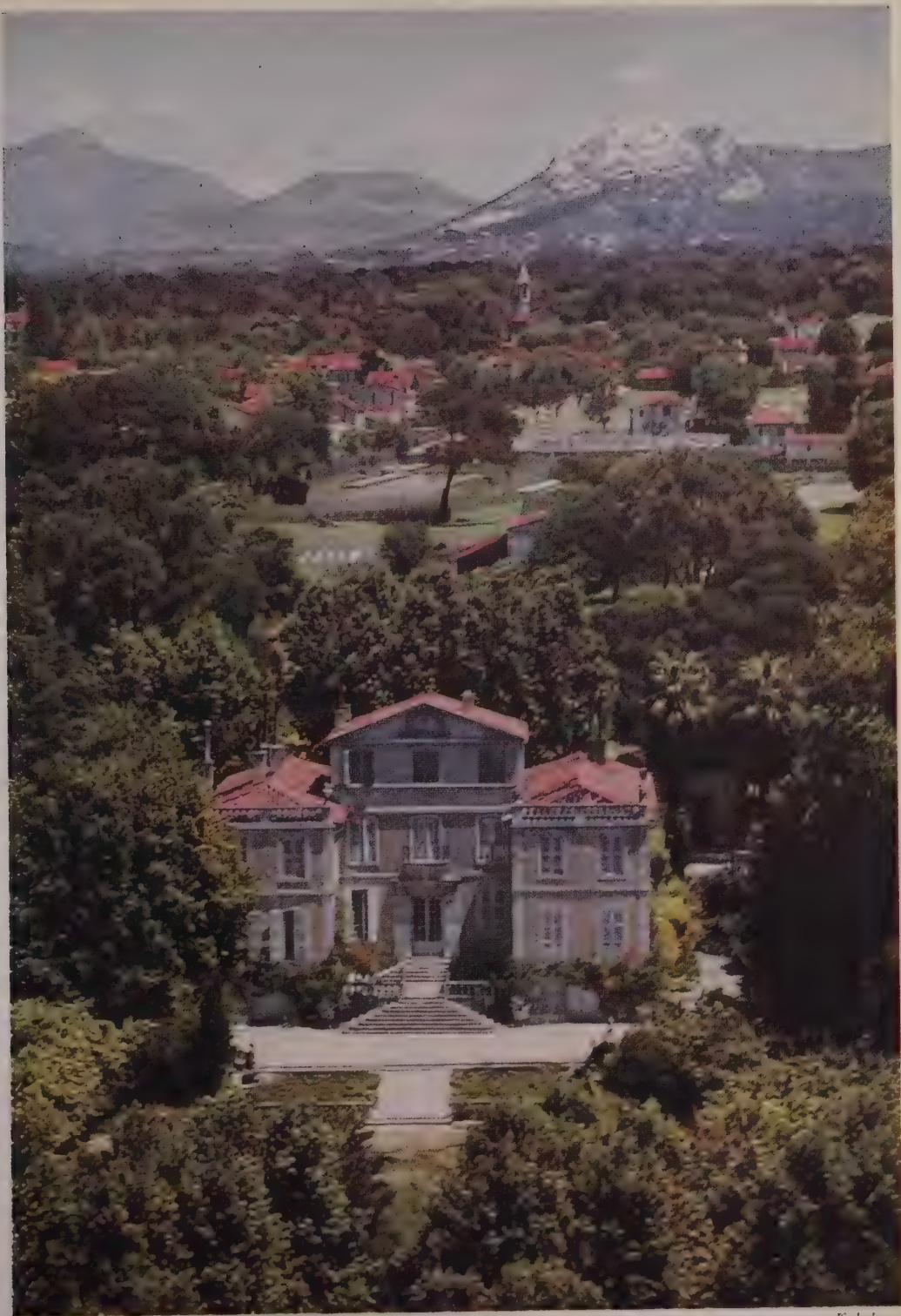
Kodachrome

Marseillais born and bred, this retired Army sergeant lives among the pines in the stony, mountainous outskirts of the town. He is lucky, for his house has a private well which rarely dries up. The single tap, bringing river water from miles away, which his neighbours all have to share, often runs dry



Kodachrome

Looking westward from the unfinished roof-cafeteria of the "Unité d'Habitation" the string of islands off the Corniche and the whole of the Golfe du Lion are visible—



Kodachrome

—while to the east a largely rural plateau stretches away to the mountains. On it a 17th-century country house furnishes a piquant neighbour for the angular *Unité*



Kodachrome

By concentrating within the Unité the dwellings, garages, shops and other services required by 1500 people much open space has been saved. The building will eventually be painted in bright colours

is adequate space for extra housing in districts directly inland from the port—where most workers already live—and the new road system will ensure that no one spends more than fifteen minutes getting to work. The ground thus freed will be given either to industry or, in the city centre, to new telephone exchanges and other public services. New dwellings, 70,000 in all, it is hoped, will be grouped around the cores of the innumerable parishes and hamlets which go to make up Marseilles, with strips of open space between districts. A ‘town perimeter’ has been fixed to ensure that the built-up area is surrounded by open country and not by the unbecoming ‘transitional’ suburbs so common in France.

Most of this is for the future, however. What has been done so far, apart from the autoroutes, is mainly the erection of flats, chiefly in the Old Port, for those whose homes were destroyed in the war. These flats are on traditional lines. But there are, in addition, two housing innovations of some

importance.

One is in the suburb of Montredon. Here, in order to make more economical use of war-damage compensation, former house-owners were persuaded by the Ministry of Reconstruction to pair off and one house instead of two was built for each couple. These dwellings are not just similar structures sharing a party wall, like English semi-detacheds. Each pair of “co-properties” (i.e., each house) is of separate design from its neighbours though all share a loggia style reminiscent of Côte d’Azur architecture. And within each house each dwelling has a totally different layout and a main entrance wholly dissimilar from its fellow. Thus the demands both of cooperation and of individualism are satisfied and an estate of pleasing, gaily coloured houses provided as well. I found this most impressive. Yet for some reason these co-properties have attracted little attention even in Marseilles.

The same can hardly be said of the second innovation, the “Unité d’Habitation” de-

Le Corbusier's great "Unité d'Habitation" is not at first sight attractive; it has little warmth and grace. Yet despite its massive, heroic size, its proportions are remarkably harmonious. Le Corbusier applied his "Modulor" system to the design, all measurements being directly related to those of a man. Only when you compare the building with neighbouring objects do you discover how large it really is

signed by the world's leading modern architect, Le Corbusier. This huge, unattractive concrete building has been reported and mis-reported, dissected and discussed throughout the world. Its whole essence, unlike the Montredon co-properties, is communality. For, as the name is intended to imply, it is a complete, self-contained village. Apart from 350 flats designed to house about 1500 people it holds garages, post office, shops, library, health centre, day nursery, communal laundry, drying rooms, and a bar—all raised free of the ground on enormous pillars. A gymnasium, running track, tennis court, cafeteria, swimming pool and children's playground have been constructed on the flat roof and a school on the eleven-acre site surrounding the Unité.

Wild rumours have circulated about this structure. The people of Marseilles are reported to have refused point blank to live in the place; a plan was put forward (*on dit*) for turning it into a hotel; it was offered to the local Fire Brigade; then to civil servants temporarily stationed in Marseilles; a committee has been set up to see what can be done with the place; and so on and on and on. What grains of truth may lie behind these stories I cannot say. But having seen



the Unité I know that only an imbecile would think of using it for a hotel or a Fire Brigade headquarters. And as for people refusing to live there, in June of last year when these rumours were loudest I was told by M. André F. Hardy, the Ministry of Reconstruction's Regional Inspector of Housing and Town Planning, that he had made no attempt whatever to choose tenants. Indeed, the only criticism I heard from the dozens of ordinary Marseilles folk whom I questioned was that the flats were "too small and too dear"—the formula inevitably applied nowadays to every new dwelling in

France, where building costs are rising ferociously and 75 per cent of family incomes are traditionally spent on food.

As for the theory of the "vertical city-garden" (the phrase is Le Corbusier's), this leaves the ordinary Marseillais cold. If someone wants to put the shops and everything else into the same building as his flat—well, so much the better; one is spared the rigours of sun and mistral. Many Marseillais I spoke to, in fact, were quite won over by the ingenuity of the whole structure, and not least by the flats, with their novel two-floor layout, 14 ft 6 in.-high living room, built-in furniture, compact kitchen, refrigerator, bathroom, refuse-disposal system and all the rest. Such fittings, in flats designed for 'ordinary' people, represent a social revolution in France. For Marseilles, in its present state of housing and sanitation, they are practically a miracle.

But all this overlooks the most important fact about the Unité. It is not just an architectural oddity. It is part of Marseilles's carefully designed development plan. For the Unité is set among the farms and villas of the wide plateau of Beaumont St Julien (the city's 'best' residential area) and surrounded by every form of greenery from scrubby grass to huge eucalyptus trees. Across the road from the Unité is a charming country house designed by P. Puget who was one of Marseilles's leading 'modern' architects over 250 years ago. Obviously, to have built 350 houses or even 350 normal flats, together with shops and all the other amenities required, would have altered the whole character of the district. Therefore the Ministry decided to experiment with 'vertical' expansion, and gave Le Corbusier a completely free hand in designing the Unité. Whether he has been successful or not will only be known when his building has been inhabited for a few years. But in the meantime surely the Ministry of Reconstruction deserves congratulations rather than niggling criticism for its courage in backing this experiment?

Volumes could be, and for that matter have been, written about the Unité d'Habitation. But we must spend a little space considering the plans for Marseilles's future industry and commerce. Here the planner faces further paradoxes. Though more ships, of greater total tonnage, enter the port of Marseilles proper each year, the merchandise actually handled is now only a quarter of the 1913 figure. Yet such is its variety and the size of the ships, most discharging only

a fraction of their cargoes, that both port and installations require extensions. They are being provided, though with some misgivings.

For the annex ports, however, the outlook is clearer. Their trade is increasing steadily. A vast new oil port is under construction at Lavéra, near Port-de-Bouc. Oil derivative industries are settling in and well-planned housing estates, many painted in the gayest colours imaginable, springing up. Nevertheless, nearly all the Étang de Berre's shore sites suitable for industry are already occupied. Further westward expansion to the plain of La Crau is indicated. There industry and housing can grow on unencumbered land. There too, now that engineers have learned to cope with the alluvial land of the delta, Marseilles—or the industrial region of which Marseilles will by then be an appendage—will find itself set at last at the terminus of that great natural highway, the Rhône.

The story of Marseilles's attempts to link itself to the Rhône is a tale of almost unbelievable procrastination. In 1820, when the canal from Arles to Port-de-Bouc, designed to short-circuit the delta, was half finished, an extension to Marseilles was suggested. It was 107 years before this was built—and by then the Port-de-Bouc to Arles Canal was outdated. It was too shallow and too narrow for modern tugs and barges, and the connecting canal was largely pointless. Altering the original canal to run from Port-de-Bouc to St Louis du Rhône was approved—but never carried out. Perhaps now, as M. Meyer-Heine says, since the Rhône has not come to Marseilles, Marseilles must go to the Rhône. In other words, a completely new port must be constructed in the St Louis du Rhône area. The ground here is much less suitable than at Marseilles, but its position at the mouth of the river and near the future industrial area of La Crau is vastly more favourable—especially since works already in progress on the Rhône are designed not only to render the river navigable but also to provide the hydro-electric power which will make its valley a major industrial region.

* * * * *

By the time you have discovered all this about Marseilles you have travelled far from your original impression of haphazardness. Haphazard the town certainly is. Yet in the midst of chaos, you find, there exists a plan for the future, a plan with exciting possibilities which looks ahead to orderliness and expansion and new beginnings.

Life in Mediaeval Finland

by H. T. NORRIS

I WAS invited to supper by some Helsinki friends. After we had finished they retired to the sitting-room while their young son showed me the pictures and the rest of the flat. The style was very Swedish and apart from oil-paintings of forests and Karelian villages there was nothing to suggest that this Swedo-Finnish family were not completely at home in the Western world. Their conversation was in Swedish, their taste Swedish and Helsinki and Stockholm were the towns in which they lived and conducted their business. In one of the bedrooms, however, amidst decoration of a somewhat Victorian character I noticed a tapestry hanging immediately above one of the beds. It depicted a lake and forest scene where a hot sun silhouetted two figures, a young man and woman, gazing far into the distance. Their clothes were Arctic in style and they were evidently part of a story from Finnish mythology. "What does the tapestry depict?" I asked. The boy blushed as if ashamed and apologized that he did not know. "Oh, something from the Kalevala or the early wanderings."

Was there some subconscious national feeling, I asked myself, which prompted this essentially Swedish family to have such a tapestry directly above the bed? Later, when I was to enter the mediaeval churches of Finland and study the painted interiors, this question constantly came to mind. It was the paradox of Finland, a border country of different cultures, which had mixed and blended yet at the same time had remained strangely separate as if absorption by one would mean extinction of the other. This intermingling began in the Middle Ages and from the process modern Finland and its culture have arisen.

Christianity was brought to Finland in the Middle Ages by the Swedes. In 1150 King Eric IX landed at Turku (Åbo) but his conquests did not penetrate further inland and it was

left to Henry, Bishop of Uppsala, an Englishman who had accompanied the Swedish Crusade, to organize the first bishopric at Turku. Tradition states that he was martyred by a Finnish convert, Lalli, and the murderer and his axe are engraved beneath the feet of the splendid brass effigy to St Henry of Finland in the church at Nousiainen.

This Swedish advance into Finland meant that the latter during the next century became the battleground between the two powers of importance in north-east Europe, Sweden and Novgorod. Russian encouragement persuaded the Karelian Finns to attack the settlement at Turku in 1240 and this produced a counter-attack which gave the Swedes a foothold in south-central Finland near Hämeenlinna. Half a century later Karelia itself had been added to the Swedish domains. No dramatic colonization followed; although a few Swedish peasants and traders settled in coastal districts and gentry were granted Finnish estates, the bulk of the Finnish population were left to themselves, adopting certain elements of culture from their conquerors but to a large extent holding on to their traditions and



A. J. Thornton



Finnish churches have steep roofs to deflect the snow and the bell-tower is always detached. (Left) At Parainen the nave and base of the bell-tower are of rough-hewn granite blocks, locally quarried. (Below) At Espoo the nave is granite-built but the gable is filled with elaborate relief design in brickwork. This is a characteristic of churches in Nyland district, near Helsinki; older Finnish churches lack this feature which seems to have originated in Nyland and was then adopted elsewhere

. Norris



H. T. Norris

"The painting of churches began in the 14th century in Finland". The paintings were influenced by Swedish models or executed by Swedish or German artists. The wall-paintings in Taivassalo (right) were the work of the artist Petrus Henriksson or his pupils and date from c. 1470. Here subjects such as the martyrdom of St Barbara, St Katherine and St Matthew are conjoined with elaborate floral decoration and coats-of-arms and names of noblemen who bore the expenses of ornamenting the church



National Museum of Finland

ruled by their councils of peasant aristocracy.

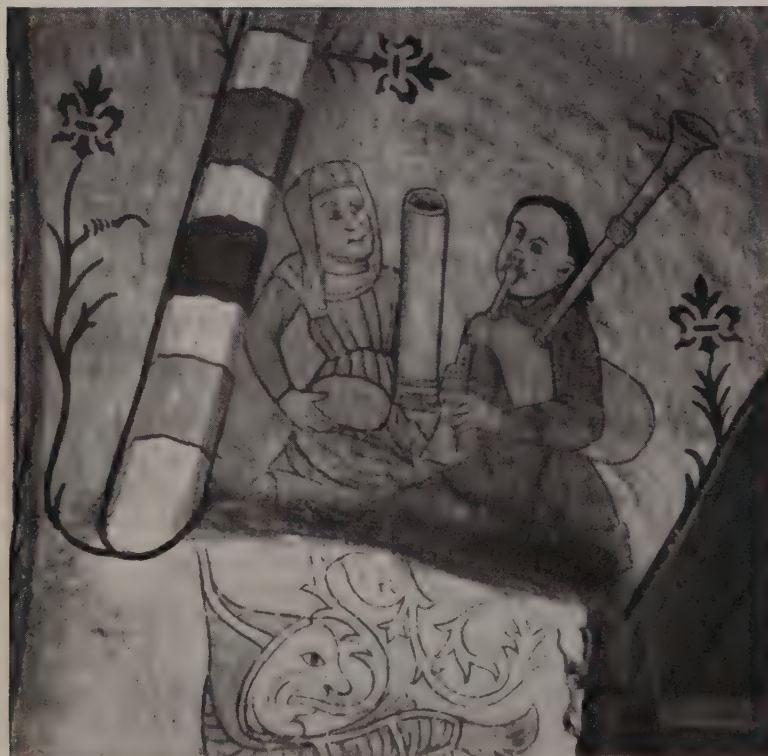
The Swedish conquest in the long run, however, produced a decisive orientation in Finland's cultural life. It brought her permanently into the sphere of Western civilization and preserved her from the Teutonic knights and the Tartars. Sweden was a land of free peasants and it saved the Finns from the serfdom which feudalism brought to the peasants of Western Europe. Agriculture, metal-working and a veneer of chivalry and its methods were introduced and the court of the Bishop of Finland at Turku became the chief centre of Catholic culture in Finland. This had eventually so great an effect that between 1350 and 1450 Turku sent more students to the University

of Paris than any other northern see. In such centres a race of Swedo-Finns developed, belonging wholly to neither people, the three communities forming a kind of cultural triangle influencing or conflicting with each other. We can picture these settlements as centering round a church or some monastic institution and perhaps a castle; small towns on strategic routes or near the coast.

But the conversion of the Finns was to be slow; language difficulties were well-nigh insurmountable and by the end of the Middle Ages there were hardly more than 150 parishes. Away from the dozen towns and the ten monasteries, mediaeval civilization hardly existed. In the forests and by the lakes Finnish culture, related more to



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The wall-paintings of Petrus Henriksson portray secular life as well as the figures of saints and Biblical episodes. Whether his paintings show devils at work upsetting human lives (above), in the porch at Taivassalo, or a village bagpiper (left), in the nave, they are full of humour, vitality and realism. Each scene is connected with the Biblical pageant by means of elaborate foliage patterns or ribbed vaulting. Their humour is of a different kind from that of contemporary paintings by Finnish artists like those reproduced opposite, not having the same naivety; although the devils form a link between them

the primitive peoples of northern Asia than to the West, continued almost untouched. These centres of Finnish life were found near Turku, near Hämeenlinna and in Karelia, possessing the rudiments of agriculture and an economy of hunting and trapping, using canoe boats. Settlement must have been extremely sparse with a loose tribal society, merely clusters of log-cabins for habitation or the steam bath (*sauna*) and perhaps the use of tents during the summer. Religion was animistic, a worship of the powers of Nature, and the real authority lay in the hands of the Shamans, leaders skilled in the Black Arts, whose magic and secrets were hidden in names. These were handed down in runes or in legends recited by bards. Such legends as are found in the Kalevala recount the exploits of ancient heroes but it is difficult to say how much of the life depicted in that epic is typical of primitive Finnish culture and how much is later addition. Art, where it existed, was of a kind in which woodwork and local crafts were the main outlets for design and pattern, characteristic of all the northern countries from Siberia to north Norway. This primitive Finnish culture, while not basically different from that existing in isolated areas of northern

Scandinavia, must have seemed backward to the Swedes who were heirs to the Gothic heritage of the Western world.

Like that of most other European countries, Finland's mediaeval legacy is to be found in the Church and in ecclesiastical art. The few castles have a good deal of later addition and there are no remains of houses as in Germany, England or Italy. Turku was destroyed by a disastrous fire in 1827 and the inflammable nature of Finland's mediaeval secular architecture is the chief reason why there is no trace of it today. The churches, however, are either constructed of brick (as at Hattula), blocks of granite, found everywhere, or a combination of the two, although the oldest are without brickwork. They are steep, three-aisled buildings, save in the Åland Islands, and from the outside appear crude, rough-cut and lacking in architectural value, except for the mighty tower and nave of Turku Cathedral. But the churches of south-west Finland have their artistic heritage inside, in the wealth of mediaeval painting which covers the walls and the vaults. The interplay of cultures in mediaeval Finland is nowhere better shown than in the wall-paintings. Modern research has brought these paintings to light from beneath whitewash,

The "strange, geometric, abstract art" of the primitive wall-paintings at Maaria shows the hand of a local Finnish artist working about 1450. Combined here with Scandinavian Gothic tradition is a type of folk-art derived from wood-carving and primitive superstitions whose origin may go back to pre-Christian cults. In mediaeval times these must have been prevalent in rural Finland







H. T. Norris

(Opposite) Although drastically restored the nave of Lojo church is one of the richest painted interiors in Finland. The coat-of-arms of the Bishop Arvid Kurck (1510-22) appearing among other subjects indicates a late mediaeval date. A wide variety of Biblical and other subjects is depicted in historical sequence beginning with the Fall and ending with the Last Judgement, lives of saints or subjects incidental to the main scene filling the vaults. In the Gethsemane scene (above) the events form a continuous painted story which covers the whole end of the church

neglect, the ravages of time and obscurity. Painted in lime colours on a dry ground, the rich red, brown, yellow, green and black and the maze of floral designs produce a tapestry or manuscript effect and the eye is carried up in the rib-vaulting from the rough and heavy works on the walls to the masterpieces in the roof.

The painting of churches began in the 14th century in Finland but, due to later repainting, little or no trace of this work survives, though we know the names of two artists, Kort and Laurentius Conradi, who painted at Turku in 1336. The bulk of the wall-paintings are late 15th century when the Swedish North experienced a kind of minor 'Renaissance'. Yet in another half-century this art had declined and with the Reformation in 1523 was to vanish from Finnish tradition.

The art was predominantly Swedish. The

painters were Swedes or Germans or artists working from Swedish models. At Bro-Knvista in northern Sweden there are paintings very similar to some of those in Finland with the same leaf-festoons and floral ornamentation, the essential few lines, little shading, and coats-of-arms of donors. One school is believed responsible for the fine work at Taivassalo, Uusikyrkko, Kaarina and Parainen and is associated with the artist Petrus Henriksson who was painting in 1470. But at Nousiainen, Maaria and elsewhere there is a strange, geometric, abstract art painted by a primitive Finnish hand, copying and adapting superior models or using designs derived from woodwork. Have we a Finnish reaction, a style largely derived from specifically Finnish culture, existing in the backwoods of the country and in the villages in the late Middle Ages? Here was a Bible for the unlettered peasantry and its effect must



H. T. Norris

Hattula church near Hämeenlinna was a great centre for pilgrimage in the Middle Ages. Its paintings are so similar in style and arrangement to those in Lojo as to suggest the same artist. In spite of their great variety, they were done at a time when mediaeval painting was on the decline in Finland. (Above) Near the decorated pulpit-top St Jacob the Elder is dressed as a pilgrim. (Opposite) The vaulted ceiling is covered with scenes from the Old Testament or of Christian imagery: those here depicted include Daniel in the lion's den and the burning, fiery furnace

have been impressive. A mediaeval Finn would leave his frozen world outside, place his weapons in the porch and step inside the dimly lighted interior. Outside all would be northern darkness; within, a wealth of colour, depicting another world of saints, prophets, martyrs and legends, with here and there a terrifying demon ready to devour the damned or to assist in their progress to the gaping jaws of Hell. Crudely, yet simply, and in a realistic way, these paintings told the Old and New Testament story and of a hereafter very different from the vague other-worlds of the Kalevala.

There is a duality running through these paintings, religious and secular linked by luxuriant foliage or the tree of life, a familiar subject in Finnish popular art. Although the dominating element in both spheres is Swedish in inspiration, here and there Finnish elements

can be detected in the subject, style, dress or feeling. This Finnish element is naïve or realistically simple. Its traces can be found in a few of the examples of mediaeval Finnish figure-carving in wood now in the National Museum at Helsinki. Such works of sculpture as are not definitely Swedish or German are carved with a tendency to heaviness, plumpness and extreme simplicity and it is likely that we have here a distinctive 'Finnish' style. But as often as not, save at Nousiainen or Maaria, this touch is indirect or even achieved by a Swedish hand when in secular scenes it has painted types of dress or musical instruments used by the Finnish population.

The predominant aim of the wall-paintings is to present doctrine in a way the average peasant could understand. Consequently the Old and New Testaments are shown in great detail, the whole development following a



definite pattern in the church, beginning at the east end and continuing round the walls, first south, then west and north. There are exceptions to this rule but on the whole it is typical.

Apart from Biblical subjects the hagiography is immense. Almost invariably a figure of St Christopher is painted near the door of the Sacristy, facing the south door, as in western Europe. At Taivassalo amongst other saints are St Ambrosius, St Hieronymus and St Ursula. St Henry of Finland and St Eric of Sweden, the twin founders of Finnish Christianity, are often represented; while at Lojo there is a painting of St Denis of France, a link with Western Europe. Lojo church is as characteristic as any although drastic restoration has mutilated and often distorted the originals. It has an atmosphere almost overwhelming with its rich colours and orderly arrangement; the saints on the pillars stand out as if separate from the white plaster on which they are painted and the Biblical scenes in the vaults appear to hang suspended like bosses in a cathedral cloister. But unique at Lojo among the wealth of subject-matter is the story of the conversion of St Katherine, rarely depicted in European church art. In one picture Katherine is kneeling at the house of a hermit in her search for a perfect husband. In another she kneels before the Virgin and Child, but the Christ Child is turning His head away because Katherine is not a Christian. Further on she is being baptized by the hermit and a large dove descends. She returns again to the Virgin and Child, who this time turns to bless her. The story is beautifully and simply painted in a style almost Chinese.

At Nousiainen and Maaria paganism reasserts itself. Two demons peer from the vaults, one bearded, with long claws and holding a weapon, the other holding a human head, his feet like those of a bear and wearing a tasselled hat upon his head. There is nothing Swedish about these: they might have come straight out of some Shamanistic rite, a portrait of some Nature-god or evil spirit—perhaps even great Tapio, God of the Forests?

There is also much secular information in these paintings, whether part of or separate from religious subjects. Prophets are dressed as nobles with long robes, fur caps and flowing beards. At Rymättylä a woman is churn-

ing milk in a tall wooden churn of a kind used in Finland until quite modern times. Peasants are blowing bagpipes, angels curved trumpets. The Finnish painter at Nousiainen and Maaria has left us paintings of ships with elaborate rigging and filled with men. These may depict the landing of King Eric IX at Turku. Knights are jousting with three-pronged lances. They are wearing armour of the sort worn at Crécy. Elsewhere, at Hattula in the crucifixion scenes, soldiers are wearing semi-Gothic suits of armour and carrying heavy scimitars at their sides. There are primitive paintings of mazes, magical designs and patterns derived from folk-art and woodcraft, strange beasts and mermaids from mythology. There is peasant dress of every kind, figures in long wide smocks, men wearing pointed black caps and servants in motley. At Maaria a crudely painted monk wearing a long cowl discourses with a devil while near at hand a dwarf in a fur cap and a pointed beard is holding a candle. Next to him a man who might be a miller is walking away with what looks like a piece of straw or grass in his mouth. Who would recognize a king on the opposite wall of the church with his crown askew, or that strange creature at Nousiainen peeping behind a shield like a 'Chad' with a crown? Even some of Petrus Henriksson's painted corbel-heads have joined in the riot of fun. Amid the rich heritage of art brought in by the Swedish conquest, the soul of mediaeval Finland expresses itself.

Finland in modern times has seen the revival of her ancient language and the achievement of national independence. Whether this has been at the expense of the specifically Swedish element in her life is an arguable point which at times has led to heated discussion. In 1821 when Arwidsson declared: "Swedes we are no longer, Russians we never can be, therefore we must become Finns", many Finns were unable to envisage what ceasing to be Swedish would mean. But Finland's mediaeval legacy is essentially a Swedish legacy which brought her Christianity and education and a social heritage denied to her Finno-Ugrian relatives beyond her frontiers. Her national culture was to peep out here and there and later in modern times to be reinstated, yet it was the foundation laid in the Middle Ages which determined that Finland was to be an Eastern bastion of Western civilization.

Gibraltar: Mediterranean Sentinel

by G. A. AUSTEN

In an interview which he gave to a representative of *The Sunday Times* last November, General Franco expressed certain views about the British position at Gibraltar which, however surprising they may seem to us, are shared by many of his compatriots. For them it constitutes a "problem", requiring eventually to be "solved"; for which purpose, according to the Spanish Dictator,

the British people need to understand three things: first, the uselessness of Gibraltar as a fortress-base under present-day conditions of war; second, the moral justice of Spain's claim for its return, based upon the unanswerable arguments of history and geography; and third, the advantages to themselves to be gained by securing a just agreement.

It would always be possible to preserve Gibraltar as a free port, and for England to arrange for the lease of shipyards and other installations. Despite the apparent difficulties of the problem, sooner or later it will have to be solved.

The arguments of history and geography do not necessarily support the demands of moral justice; indeed history is inclined to give a rather cynical verdict on them, since the influence of time is exerted neither for nor against morality. The British position at Gibraltar may, in the Spanish view, be provisional; but, as the French say, nothing lasts so long as the provisional; and this provisional situation has already lasted almost 250 years—long enough to account for our difficulty in remembering that Gibraltar ever was anything but British.

As for geography, it gives no support whatever to political claims based on territorial proximity. The idea of a 'natural' unity between areas joined together by land is a figment of the human imagination. Norway and Sweden, the South American Republics, Spain and Portugal themselves, are examples to the contrary. The sea, on the other hand, unites and has united many enduring commonwealths; and maritime control of key land-positions on maritime highways is quite as 'natural', from the geographical standpoint, as their control by contiguous land-powers.

The "problem" has, however, a factual background of which we may usefully remind ourselves from time to time.

The rocky Crown Colony of Gibraltar lies 1100 miles by sea from the south-west of England, first port of call of eastbound ships and the nearest part of our overseas empire to these islands.

With Malta it shares the distinction of being one of the two British possessions in Europe and is actually our sole foothold on that continent.

It was in the year 711 that Tarik the Moor crossed the narrow strait dividing Africa and Spain and first fortified the great rock that still bears his name, for Gibraltar is a corruption of Jebel-Tarik which means the Hill of Tarik. Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans and Visigoths alike seem all to have neglected its great military possibilities and it was left to the followers of Mohammed to exploit its natural advantages and commence the powerful fortifications which can still today present a stout defence against any landward assault across the isthmus which connects it with the mainland.

For 600 years the Moors enjoyed undisputed sway and a great and lovely city flourished, with gardens and vineyards, under the protection of the castle on the northern side. This was probably the most peaceful period in the history of the Rock, but like all such periods it could not last for ever. With the decline of Moorish power in Spain in the 14th century Gibraltar entered into an era of war and bloodshed. Between 1309 and 1462, when it was finally captured by the Christians, the fortress underwent no less than eight sieges. Under the Crown of Castile its fate was equally unhappy. Alternately wrangled over by rival political factions and harried from the sea by Barbary pirates, the only people who could be persuaded to live there were criminals, who thus obtained amnesty.

One important battle took place in the Bay of Gibraltar in 1607 when the Dutch Admiral, Jacob van Heemskirk, with twenty-six ships attacked the entire Spanish fleet of



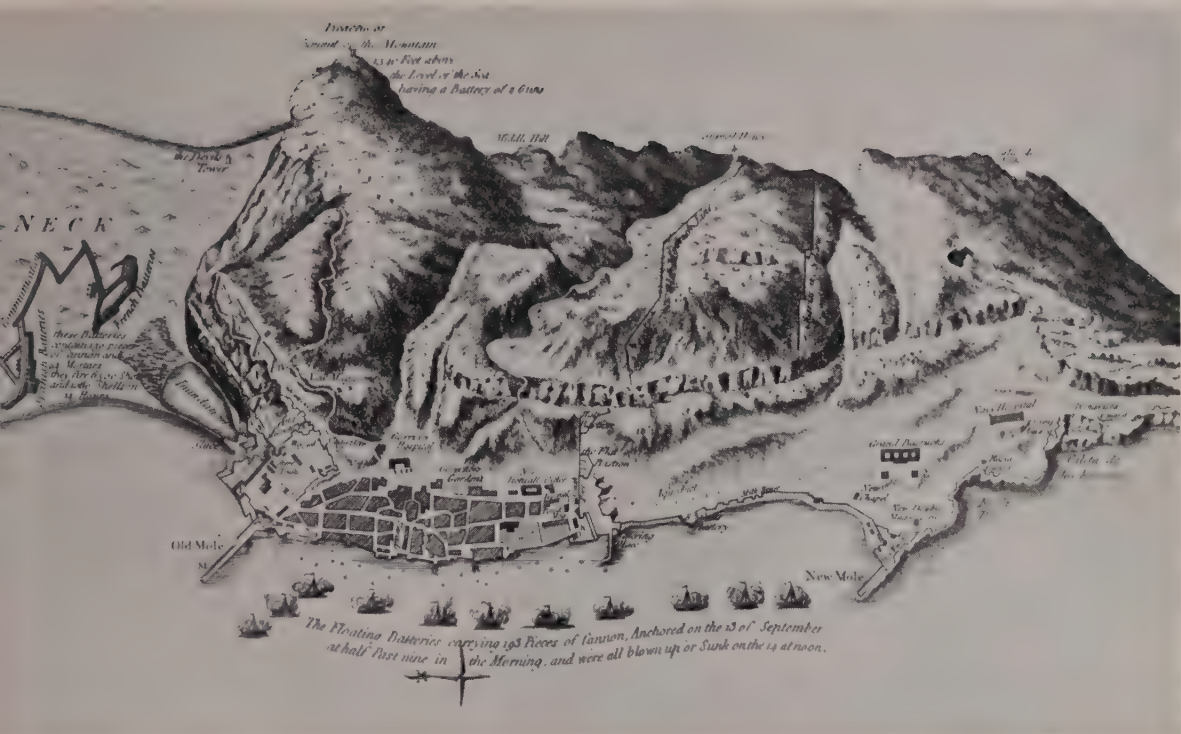
National Maritime Museum



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(Above) *The capture of Gibraltar, July 23, 1704. A line engraving by J. A. Corvinus after P. Dekker. A force of British and Dutch marines under Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt landed from the fleet anchored in the Bay and took the Rock, which has remained a British possession since that day.*

(Left) *A plan by Carel Allard of Gibraltar, with the ships under Admirals Rooke and Byng drawn up ready for the battle. The Rock itself, with its two projecting moles, forms the bulbous pendant; the isthmus where the landing occurred joins the Rock to the Spanish mainland*



National Maritime Museum

Seventy-five years later, during the American War of Independence, began the Great Siege, which lasted until 1783. In the course of it a line of Spanish "Floating Batteries newly invented", with 193 pieces of cannon, were anchored in the Bay on September 13, 1782. By noon next day all were blown up or sunk. (Above) A diagram of this incident, and (below) an aquatint of the same by A. Robertson after W. Hamilton



National Maritime Museum

twenty-one, ten of them great galleons, giants beside the little Dutch vessels. The Dutch victory was complete: they destroyed the Spanish fleet and killed 3000 men, losing only 100 themselves and no ships. This victory led to negotiations for peace and a twelve-year truce was made between Holland and Spain in 1609.

It was almost a hundred years later that the Rock became a British possession. At the beginning of the 18th century England was at war with France over the Spanish throne. In 1704 Admiral Sir George Rooke was cruising the western Mediterranean with a force of ships and men originally destined for an attack on Nice. The forces of our ally, Savoy, having failed to appear and, in consequence, the projected assault on Nice being shelved, Sir George turned back through the Straits of Gibraltar. He was joined by Admiral Byng off Cape Trafalgar, and then directed an attack on Gibraltar itself. The fleet sailed into the Bay, and Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt, in command of a mixed force of British and Dutch marines, landed on the sandy isthmus where

the airport now lies. Thus isolated from their friends and subjected to a merciless bombardment from the sea, the undermanned garrison surrendered on the third day of the siege. A major factor influencing the capitulation seems to have been the cutting of the road leading to the Chapel of Europa where the Spanish women and children had taken refuge. This separation from their families seems to have had a very bad effect on the morale of the defenders. After the surrender it is to be regretted that the occupying soldiery behaved very badly, looting and desecrating the many shrines and churches which then existed.

The War of the Spanish Succession ended in 1712 and by the Treaty of Utrecht Gibraltar was ceded to Britain. The Spaniards made several attempts during the 18th century, both by war and negotiation, to recover their lost territory but without success. Their final essay was during the War of American Independence. The Great Siege, as it is known, was begun in July 1779 and lasted three years, seven months and twelve days. The heroic defence of the tiny

An air view of Gibraltar from the south-east, silhouetted against the Spanish coast. In the bay to the left can be seen the Naval Dockyard. The eastern face of the Rock rises almost vertically

The Times



garrison under the command of General Elliott is one of the few bright spots at a period when Britain's fortunes were at a singularly low ebb. There are numerous tales of the siege but the best known is that of the Sortie of November 27, 1781, a date still celebrated on the Rock, when a detachment of the garrison crept out and destroyed the advance works of the enemy, capturing as a memento the Spanish officer of the guard's report stating that nothing unusual had occurred during the night!

Peace was signed in 1783 and from then until 1940, when enemy aircraft approached the Rock, no further hostile attempts were made against the fortress. During these years the Royal Naval Dockyard was developed to become the vital defence point it is today, while, more latterly, the town has been a port of call for tourists on pleasure cruises.

The traveller who approaches by road from Spain has to undergo a thorough Customs examination before being allowed to enter British territory, for probably nowhere has smuggling been so rife and so worthwhile in recent years. The frontier, an iron barrier ten feet wide fortified by barbed wire, lies across the sandy isthmus where the British Marines landed in 1704. Here, before the late war, were a race-course and cricket-field for the amusement of the garrison and tourists. Early in 1940, however, work was begun on a landing-strip which has now grown into a modern airport with a concrete runway extending for half its length into the blue bay, a fine piece of British engineering achievement. The runway is bisected by the road, across which, at early morning and late evening, pour crowds of Spaniards whose living depends on their work in the British Colony.

On the southern side of the airfield the Rock, a huge grey, craggy cliff-face, rises sheer to 1400 feet. The eastern or Mediterranean side is precipitous and sparsely inhabited. Occasional landslides block the road which undulates towards Europa Point. Here, high on the rock face, are the huge white sheets of iron used for catching the rain and dew upon which the population depend for their water supply. Catalan Bay, reputedly the oldest inhabited place on the Colony, is on this side, although whether it



Pictorial Pre

Towards its northern extremity the Rock reaches its highest point, 1396 feet, a sheer drop to the sandy isthmus on which is the R.A.F. aerodrome built during the war

ever had anything to do with Catalonia is open to doubt. Some say it is an English corruption of an older name.

On the western or bay side the slope is more gentle. The town and dockyard nestle at its foot, dominated by the remains of old fortifications including the impressive Tower of Homage or Moorish Castle, a huge square building with enormously thick walls which commands the approaches to the town from the Spanish frontier. Nearer Europa Point runs the Great Wall built by the Emperor Charles V as a defence against Saracen invaders. Above the town the lower slopes are beautifully wooded with a few chalets half hidden amongst the trees, gradually giving place to the bare windy limestone of the Upper Rock with its magnificent view of the Andalusian coast sweeping away to the east in a wide sandy curve. Westwards the white city of Algeciras shimmers across the bay and, north of this,



Paul Popper



Keystone Press

(Above) The town of Gibraltar, looking over the dockyard and the bay to Algeiras. The town huddles along the steep narrow strip between the sea and the west side of the Rock. (Below) A square off the main street. Very English-looking policemen in their shirtsleeves and English motor-cars confuse the eye in such a 'foreign' setting

This tiny outcrop of rock, Britain's only colony on the mainland of Europe, is well equipped with hospitals and schools. (Right) Patients in the King George V Chest Hospital benefit from the Mediterranean sun on a balcony overlooking the bay. (Below) These young Gibraltarians are being educated at a convent school set high up on the side of the Rock itself. They too show the blending of Spanish and British which is characteristic of the colony



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stands the little hill town of San Roque which was founded by the original inhabitants of Gibraltar who fled after the British conquest rather than live under a foreign flag. There, until recently, were preserved the ancient records of the City of Gibraltar. Most of the modern inhabitants of the Rock are descended from Jews and Genoese who settled here under the protection of the British Crown.

At the northern end of the town there is a large military parade-ground and here is enacted weekly the ancient Ceremony of the Keys. This is a tradition dating from the Great Siege. A handful of men used to leave by the Landport Gate and patrol outside the fortifications to give the alarm in case of a surprise attack. Today the Governor hands over the Keys to a platoon of one of the regiments of the garrison. He does this with great ceremony and, the Keys in their possession, the men march smartly towards the gate. The guard cries "Halt, who goes there?" The reply rings out: "The Keys!" "Whose Keys?" "Queen Elizabeth's Keys!" "Pass Queen Elizabeth's Keys." The gate is unlocked and the patrol passes out of sight.

From the parade ground, Main Street leads right down the centre of the town. In fact, it is the town. It consists principally of small shops filled with goods for the garrison and tourists. The Roman Catholic Cathedral, the civic buildings and the Governor's Palace are all on this busy thoroughfare, but the Anglican Cathedral lies nearer the Dockyard, facing the naval barracks. The Bishop of Gibraltar has a very wide diocese extending over all the Church of England communities in the western Mediterranean.

Government House is one of the few buildings which survived the continuous bombardment of the Great Siege. It used once to be a convent and has about it an air of quiet dignity and peace which is in contrast to the busy hubbub of Main Street.

A little beyond the Governor's residence the road passes through an ancient gateway and on the left is Trafalgar cemetery where lie some of the dead of that famous battle together with many members of the early garrisons carried off by the fever epidemics which raged periodically in days when hygiene was largely neglected.

The way climbs steeply past the Alameda Gardens to a more residential section of the Colony and then dips down to Windmill Flats (so called after the windmills which stood here before and during the Great Siege) and on to Europa Point where it meets the

eastern road from Catalan Bay. Near Europa are more relics of Moorish occupation, ruined now but once lovely mosaic pavements. Across the Strait the Atlas Mountains seem almost within hailing distance and the white Moroccan towns, looking more picturesque than perhaps they are, stand out on the African shore.

No account of the Rock would be complete without some reference to the famous Apes. They are of the species known as the Barbary Ape, so called by reason of the fact that they are far commoner across the Strait in North Africa, from whence they were possibly first brought to Gibraltar by human agency. Legend has it that they know of a secret tunnel under the sea connecting Morocco and the Rock and so reached Europe that way. Be that as it may, the Apes are the only members of the monkey family found in Europe in wild state, although they are much depleted from the bands that roamed some years ago. They were the cause of their own undoing for their depredations and nuisances became intolerable and in 1923 they were actually under sentence of extermination. There is a superstition, however, that when the Apes leave the Rock so will the British and thus they were spared. An unclimbable fence has been built to keep them away from the inhabited section of the fortress and they are now under the official protection of an Army officer who bears the title "Keeper of the Apes" and is responsible for their welfare.

The last few years have seen many administrative changes in the lands that owe allegiance to the British Crown. Among them is Gibraltar, for it was considered desirable in 1950 to establish a new Legislative Council. This consists of the Executive Council (whose members are nominated by the Governor) and five elected Gibraltarians. Like the Executive Council it is presided over by the Governor.

Although various changes in status have been proposed from time to time it is more than probable that while Gibraltar continues to be a British possession its present one of Crown Colony will not be altered, and it is doubtful whether the inhabitants could benefit by any change.

Gibraltar, being economically dependent on the dockyard and garrison, has no *raison d'être* except as a fortress and so long as Britain remains a maritime power it is reasonable to suppose that she will retain this vital crossroads which has proved its worth in the two major wars of this century.